DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

OUR XMAS GIFT OFFER—A Concession See page ii. of Cover.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXVIII. No. 720. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1920. TWOPENCE.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

TO THE YOUNG MAN who looks ahead

Send a postcard for our Prospectus of the "E.D." Convertible Term Assurance, which provides maximum cover at minimum rates and options valuable to you in later life. An inquiry entails no obligation of any kind.

EAGLE, STAR & BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,

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Assets exceed £20,000,000.

DOCTOR'S STOLEN KISSES

A Study in Prices

(December, 1920).

	Price Before the War (Aug., 1914)	Price Now (Dec., 1920)	INCREASE.	Increase per cent.
Beef (Best home)	1/-	2/6	1/6	150%
Butter	1/-	3/4	2/4	233%
Bread (Delivered 4lb. loaf)	5d.	1/3	10d.	200%
Bacon (Average, per lb.)	1/-	3/-	2/-	200%
Sugar (Refined, per lb.)	3d.	10d.	7d.	233%
Milk	4d.	11d.	7d.	175%
Eggs (Per doz.)	1/6	6/-	4/6	300%
BOVRIL (Per 2-oz. bottle)	1/1	1/2	1d.	under 7½%

WHILE you have to pay about 3/- for a pre-war shillingsworth of bread, and 3/4 to 5/- for a pre-war shillingsworth of butter, you are only asked to pay 1d. extra for the pre-war 1/1 bottle of Bovril. If Bovril had risen in price in the same way as other essential foods, it would cost to-day much more than double its actual price.

But Bovril, Ltd., from the first took a stand against profiteering. From that policy they have never turned aside, with the result that Bovril to-day is practically the same price as before the War.

The Economy of BOVRIL

Tested by the true scientific standard, Bovril was always one of the most economical of foods. If this was true before the War, it is doubly true, and the fact is of doubled importance to the community, now.

The "true" economy is to buy food for its feeding and body-building powers. Independent scientific experiments have confirmed the conclusions of common experience that Bovril has not only a high direct nutritive value, but that it possesses unique powers of making other foods yield up their nutriment. The body-building power of Bovril was shown by these experiments to be no less than from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

Germolene Saved Her Complexion

Persistent Face Rash Cured. Lady Now Uses Germolene as Toilet Cr

Mrs. Perry, 7, Arlington Gardens, The Drive, Ilford, says: "I used Germolene for a face rash that had been troubling me for nearly a year, and it has taken it all away and left my complexion perfectly smooth and clear. The rash was very persistent and troublesome, and of course disfiguring too. The skin kept peeling off and leaving a scaly appearance; it irritated frightfully, and if scratched the pain became intense. I couldn't go out of the house. I dressed the skin regularly with ointments and lotions I had, but nothing did any good. Then I tried Germolene, and almost at once there was relief. In a fortnight the rash was quite gone, and returned. Now I always use Germolene as a toilet cre

Soothes at a Tou

Awarded Gold Medals and Diplomas at

Germolene is matchless as a remedy fo

Eczema	Piles	Rashes
Psoriasis	Itching	Ringworm
Ulcers	Skin Eruptions	Cuts & Burns

And all Cut, Bruised, Itching and Ulcerated Sa

Prices 1/3 and 3/- per tin. Larger size the more economi Chemists and Stores everywhere. Ask distinctly for Ge

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Sole Distributors: THE VENO DRUG CO., L Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Englan

"GEM"

The FAMOUS 5/- SAFETY RAZOR

Complete with Six 'GEM' Damaskeene Blades and Stropping Attachment.

Extra 'GEM' Damaskeene Blades in sealed packets **7 for 2/6**

THE GEM SAFETY RAZOR CO. LTD. 134 Great Portland Street, London, W.1

Can be obtained at all Cutlers, Ironmongers, Stores, Chemists, etc.

TO MEN ONLY.

razor keen is most men's The ordinary strop cannot e steel is harder than it will put on an edge et razor if treated to the ve. There wasn't one till recently when we discovered "Slatestone" has a marvellous effect on steel, ing shaving easy to the stiffest arded man, as thousands testify.

FREE TEST Prove this at our expense. Send 6d. or 1s. for a cake and if you are dissatisfied return it, when your money plus postage will be refunded at once. "Slatestone" Razor Paste is obtainable of Ironmongers, Stores and Cutlers in 6d. and 1s. cakes, and traders are invited to send for trade terms. Write to-day to Sole Makers: County Chemical Co., Ltd., Chemico Works, Birmingham.

21/- Post paid.

Every fisherman and all who work in the w should possess a pai these Government T Boots. They are in condition, an by Governmen spectors. S pair now fo they are being ea erly so a f H

able to offer of 21/- post rated catalogue

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

ms of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, ns etc., or Catalogue of Post- y, Leaflet and Children's Clothes, ens and Records, Toy and Musical , Sewing Machines, Cycles, Tyres, s, Appliances, etc. Grand value

SHEFFIELD. TERMS

Your Xmas Gift from "John Bull"

This Coupon is now available until January 8, 1921.

AE621

This Coupon entitles the holder to a John Bull Xmas 1920 93 Long Acre London WC the special rates set out and is equivalent in value to One Shilling Only one coupon will be taken in part payment for each item and is available to December 31st 1920 Signed The Manager

£0·1·0

A SPECIAL CONCESSION.

Tens of thousands of our readers have already accepted our Xmas Gift Offer, and we have been inundated with applications, which, thanks to the ample arrangements we have made, are all being promptly attended to.

In order, however, to relieve the great pressure on our Staff, and as a *special concession* to readers in outlying districts, we have decided to *extend the closing date to January 8th*, and our Xmas Gift Coupon will, therefore, be ava lable until this date.

SEND TO-DAY.

ls offer applies to readers in British Isles and Colonies but not in Foreign Countries.

All Pens are fitted with 14ct. Solid Gold Nibs iridium-tipped.

			With Gift Coupon.
No. 1.	**"STANDARD" MODEL** Thoroughly reliable.	Price 3/3	**2/3**
No. 2.	**"DE LUXE" MODEL** Superior Finish.	Price 4/6	**3/6**
No. 3.	**"SAFETY" MODEL** Disappearing Nib; Ideal for Travelling.	Price 7/-	**6/-**
No. 4.	**"SELF-FILLING" MODEL** Lever Self-filling Lever & Screw Cap. As sold at 17/6.	Price 8/9	**7/9**
No. 5.	**"STYLO" MODEL** The best obtainable.	Price 3/9	**2/9**

Pocket Clip to fit any model 4d.

Postage and Insurance 3d. extra on each Pen.

NOTE.—Please state whether you prefer a fine, medium, or broad nib.

"J.B." Pens are equal in every respect to the very much higher priced pens so extensively advertised.

Every Pen is Guaranteed.

Address:

The Manager Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

JOHN BULL

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." *Milton.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant: Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"For forms of government let fool contest; Whate'er is best administered is best."—*Pope.*

Vol. XXVIII. No. 760. Week ending Saturday, December 25th, 1920. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"A Merry Christmas."

With unemployment rampant, Ireland in rebellion, and the people borne down under the weight of ever-increasing taxation, it would seem absurd to tender our readers the good old wish of Christmastide. And that after two years of peace! Perhaps we had better wait a week, for the New Year.

The Dover Election.

We have had the honour of formally inaugurating the campaign of Colonel Polson, the Independent Candidate for Dover—whom we hope to introduce to the House at an early date. Vote for Polson!

The Eastbourne Murder.

Whilst we were pleased—in the absence of a Public Defender—to provide the convicted men with the means of defence, we have no quarrel with the verdict—at any rate in the case of Gray—except that the recommendation to mercy does not greatly enthuse us. It was a cruel, cold-blooded murder, and the Home Secretary will be quite justified in allowing the law to take its course.

Identification.

By the way, the methods of identification adopted in Criminal Courts have long constituted a great scandal. But surely all records were beaten during the Eastbourne murder trial, when a witness without difficulty recognised poor Irene Munro in the mortuary, notwithstanding that her face was battered into a shapeless mass and that he had admittedly seen her, for a moment only, but on one occasion prior to her death.

General Townshend.

The new Member for The Wrekin Division has not been long in justifying his election. On all hands it is agreed that his speech on the Mesopotamia position was the most valuable contribution so far made to the solution of a very intricate problem; and it has effectually exploded the theory that soldier-politicians are useless in Parliament.

Fooling with the Army.

What War Office idiot is responsible for the change of names of our historic cavalry and infantry regiments—the new designations being mere verbal juggling with the old?

Waste and Unemployment.

Here, of course, is the crux of the problem. Every reduction in staff and men automatically means an addition to the ranks of the unemployed. And with Christmas upon us, heads of Departments are reluctant to take the responsibility.

War Widows' Pensions.

Isn't it time that the pensions of war widows were exempted from Income Tax, as in the case of Disability Pensions granted to soldiers?

"Save the Children" Fund.

Although it is Christmas week, we think it time appeals for this funds ceased, and that we concentrated our attention on starving children at home. Besides, there are aspects of those appeals which we do not altogether like.

Precept and Practice.

The Government scheme for the training of ex-Service men in business stipulates that at the end of the training period the employer shall engage the man for a period of twelve months, at a minimum salary of £4 per week. And Government employees who served in the war are receiving £3 3s. per week!

NEXT WEEK.

£2,000

FOOTBALL PRIZE

MUST BE WON.

The Unknown *Sailor*

Still letters pour in upon us, pleading for State honours to an Unknown Hero of the Senior Service. We must press the Government on the matter.

That Flour.

What has become of the huge quantities of flour which were stocked in various towns and villages at the time of the recent strike? Is it being distributed amongst local millers and bakers, or, in accordance with official custom, will it be allowed to rot?

The JOHN BULL Boxers.

We are issuing a challenge on behalf of one of our "boys"—Idris Jones—to Mike Honeyman, the present featherweight champion of Britain and holder of the Lonsdale Belt, and are not without hope of bringing the title into our camp—which will not be bad for a start.

Our New Ally.

According to *Plain English*, edited by the brilliant Lord Alfred Douglas, "Mr. Bottomley uses his real talent and brains in helping Satan to overthrow Christianity." We are evidently like the old lady who always bowed in church at the mention of the Devil, explaining that "politeness costs nothing—and you never can tell"!

Ambiguous.

The New York police have forbidden cars being used at night with the lights extinguished, on the ground that there is "a grave risk of accidents." But whether it is feared that the accidents will happen to the passengers or the drivers is not stated.

Brighter Sundays.

According to the *Evening Standard*, "London's Sunday is not quite so hopeless as it was, but there is still a deplorable deficiency of intellectual amusement and recreation." By degrees, however, the *Sunday Evening Telegram* is curing all that.

Christmas Presents.

Don't forget that *Deutschland* souvenirs are the most attractive presents for Christmas. They may be obtained at any of the JOHN BULL Pen Depots, and catalogues will be forwarded on application to the Secretary of the Victory Club, 26, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1.

Press and Parliament.

An enterprising M.P. has issued writs against certain papers—presumably for libel—in connection with the recent economy campaign. We must not, of course, say anything to prejudice the case—but we understand that both Lord Northcliffe and Lord Rothermere are sleeping and eating as usual.

A Quiet Sunday.

By arrangement arrived at between all the Sunday newspapers, neither the *National News* nor the *Sunday Evening Telegram* will be published next Sunday. What a dull day it will be!—but even printers and publishers need a rest.

A Press Respite.

Indeed, there are to be no papers on either Saturday, Sunday, or Monday next—and yet who shall say what big things will not happen during that period? Still, our forefathers had to wait over a week for news of the Battle of Waterloo, and a fortnight for that of the death of Nelson!

Obsolete Methods.

We are not very familiar with the Rev. G. T. Sadler, M.A., LL.B., of Putney, who writes protesting against our plea for an adequate navy, assuring us that none whatever is needed, as it is "simply a menace to peace." And he accompanies his protest with a copy of a pamphlet in which he says that the only way to deal with our enemies is to "overcome evil with good, to face aggression with a flame of sacred Love." But what if the enemy is using liquid fire?

Facial.

By order of the Navy and Army Canteen Board, a firm of auctioneers have been selling a stock of sundries. Among them we notice "20 gross face creams." Who can have had the "face" to order these things? Some of the old ladies at the War Office—by any chance?

Adoption—and Non-Adoption.

Though we yield to none in our admiration of the vim of Verdun, for there the Allies began to win the war, we do think that—instead of "adopting" it—the City and County of London would be more patriotically occupied in adopting the thousands of London ex-soldiers now walking its labyrinthine streets almost hopeless of work. Verdun has suffered, it is true, suffered cruelly and bitterly; but so have they. And, all said, they are our own.

A Strange Sentence.

Justices of Bucks have passed a strange "sentence" on a Wendover man. Charged with being on enclosed premises for an unlawful purpose, he pleaded not guilty. It seems there was a previous conviction against him—in June, 1918. Committing him for trial, the two wise beaks, Messrs. Locke and Buckingham, sentenced him to imprisonment with hard labour until the next Quarter Sessions. It rather makes one gasp. Suppose the man be ultimately found not guilty?

"Waste," in Eighty Volumes.

We are all for the commemoration of the fallen, but can even a Government Department make out a case for the official publication of a Roll of Honour in eighty volumes, containing the names of every soldier who died in the Great War? It is true these volumes are to be on sale, but it is in the highest degree unlikely that the profits will go far towards paying the cost of production. The money might more usefully be spent in relieving the necessities of our dead heroes' dependents.

Waste and—Want.

The Government waste, but Old Age Pensioners can want. Rear-Admiral A. H. Smith-Dorrien points out a case of meanness—of course it could be multiplied over and over again by cases as bad or worse—which has come to his notice. An old man, well over 70, has lost two sons in the war. Because the Government give him ten shillings a week in payment of the sacrifice, they deny him the other half-sovereign as Old Age Pension. "One is almost inclined to say, in view of the indescribable meanness to which I allude," comments the Rear-Admiral, "that there is no such thing as justice or mercy." It is a bitter reflection.

Not a Drop.

If Members of Parliament were not able to afford a bottle of whisky or brandy in the House, the present regulations would go by the board in the twinkling of an eye, amid national rejoicing. The wife of one of our Hove readers was taken ill the other night. There was no brandy in the house. The wine merchant near him would not sell any as it was Friday and after 6 p.m., while the doctor had "gone into the country for the night." He had to borrow from a neighbour. Supposing Mrs. Lloyd George were taken ill in similar case. What then? Her loving husband would have the regulation altered the next morning, even if he had to upset a whole army of pumpuritan cranks.

The Stuff to Give 'Em.

A Limerick chauffeur recently received a threatening letter, warning him to clear out of the place within forty-eight hours—otherwise he would be shot. He took the warning, left Limerick, and joined the R.I.C. For our sentiments, see title.

No Flowers.

Friends, and others, will kindly accept this intimation that the Food Control will shut up and close down on 31st March next. Funeral same date, conducted by the Rev. Timothy Hurriup, assisted by the Rev. Jabez Popoff; chief mourner, the melancholy McCurdy; a large and expensive staff are expected to smell their hats whilst following him in procession.

The Owner's Duty.

Seldom or never does it appear to strike the designer or the owner of a British ship that the British sailor is a man and not a dog, and that he is entitled to all the comfort and consideration which can be afforded to him. As Chaplain Haire puts it, "Vast improvement in the living conditions of our seamen, firemen and stewards is now a matter of immense national importance; and, further, that from the shipowner's point of view such reforms will not only pay financially, but that contented British crews are an asset more valuable to the nation than the highest dividends ever paid." Unfortunately, the British shipowner, without being less humane in intent than American owners, has acquired the bad habit of thinking of "divies" first and "divies" all the time.

A Consoling Thought.

Christmas comes but once a year, but the "Passing Show" (the funniest paper in print) comes out fifty-three times — including the Christmas Number.

PASSING SHOW

On Sale Everywhere ... ... TWOPENCE.

More Milk Ramp.

The milk ring is for ever on the ramp. Apparently they sit up all night to consider what fresh stunt they can start to-morrow. Only a few weeks ago they raised the price of milk to 11d. a quart without the smallest justification; now they are crying shortage, predicting rationing, and threatening an increase "in the near future" to 1s. a quart. It is beyond our thinking how they can look a cow in the face.

Barring the Ex-Soldier.

Next time the bricklayers protest their intense affection for the ex-soldier and their eager desire to help him to earn a living, they may stop to think over the case of Henry Littlefield. He has been a bricklayer on and off since 1905, part of the "off" time being spent on war service; but when he attempted to enter the Deptford Branch of the Operative Bricklayers' Society, he was refused membership, since when he is barred from work everywhere because he is not a member. Small wonder that he eventually had an altercation with the Branch Chairman, and we are inclined to agree with the Magistrate who dismissed the resulting summons for assault that "It seems harder to get into the Bricklayers' Union than into the House of Lords."

"German Preferred."

England is not the only country within the Empire where employers are falling over each other to welcome the Hun. The other day the *Rand Daily Mail* contained an advertisement, inserted by an apparent Briton, for a mother's help—of all things in the world—"German preferred." This preference is not at all infrequent in South Africa, but we should have imagined that the most fervent apostle of "Love-thy-Brother-Boche" would draw the line somewhere. And the mother's help advertisement seems about "the limit."

Miles's Meanness.

We have told the Rev. Pussyfoot Miles, the Barnet Guardian, what we think of his action in depriving the local workhouse inmates of their glass of Christmas beer; if we had space to tell him what many other people think of him, it would put him off his Christmas dinner. One vengeful lady, of Queen's Park, says all she wishes him is that "the first sup he takes Christmas Day he will choke." More merciful, we hope he will not choke; but if he has a horrible attack of indigestion we shall make no complaint.

A Winter Picture.

A Liverpool reader draws a telling picture in a few words. "It was my experience," he writes, "last Friday to form one of a queue of men quite four hundred yards in extent and six feet wide, waiting nearly three hours to enter the office of the Labour Exchange, where donations are distributed and books signed. The weather was cold, a gale of wind, mixed with rain, beat upon the cold-looking forms about us, the majority of them wearing summer clothing and old boots going to pieces." It would be a cruel pen that tried to heighten the tragedy of the scene.

The Breed and the Bread.

A Greenwich girl has been working at the Duchess of Albany Toy Works in Deptford. On piece-work she earned a modest sum—not much assuredly, but everything in her circumstances. "About nine months ago," she tells us, "we got discharged through the Germhun toys, and I have an invalid father through the war and a mother who is nearly blind. There is no work whatever for us girls to do. I think it is disgraceful for us to be out of work just because these Germhun toys come over." To be accurate, through shopkeepers stocking them for sale in this country. If there were no sellers there would assuredly be no buyers.

A Donkey's Deliverance.

Hayden Clarke, of 31, Newlands Road, Westcliff, is an old and vicious brute. He had already been four times convicted of cruelty when, the other day—after repeated complaints and warning—Inspector Mutton, of the R.S.P.C.A., caught him kicking his donkey and twisting its ears. Evidence against him besides this was that he had once knocked it down with a brick, once felled it with a piece of wood, and once tied it up by its tongue. "But for his age and infirmity, he would have been sent to prison with a decent term of hard labour"; as it was, he had only to pay £5, and part with the donkey—which is now enjoying a long rest at the local shelter of Our Dumb Friends' League. Hearty congratulations to the donkey on his deliverance.

The Deadly Parallel.

While two ex-Service men who had searched vainly for employment were lying exhausted on the roadside in the neighbourhood of Romford, collapsing from starvation, pet dogs at the show of the Ladies' Kennel Association were reposing on embroidered satin cushions and accepting dainty morsels from the fingers of white-coated kennel maids. Such contrasts are painful to contemplate.

Sprats.

It is a fisherman of Southwold who complains of profiteering by the fishmongers of that salubrious spot. His charge is that they pay 3s. per bushel of 4½ stone for sprats as landed, and proceed to sell them at 5d. per pound, "thus making a profit of 23s. 3d. on every 3s." It seems to be more like robbery than profiteering.

Pity the Poor Ratepayer.

Hull Corporation evidently considers that its employees should be clothed in a fashion worthy of the City's dignity. It has been paying as much as £13 10s. each for uniforms, with hats at a modest 18s. thrown in as a make-weight, and we learn that the Corporation Clothing Committee recently "inspected the uniforms of a number of employees." No doubt it was a pretty sight, but its beauty is probably lost on the ratepayers.

Beer for Christmas.

For two years in succession, beer has been offered as Christmas cheer to the inmates of the Chichester Workhouse, but the Guardians have turned it down. This year, thanks to the initiative of Mr. E. Garment, one of the members of the Board, a motion that beer be supplied has been carried "with six in favour." It is not likely the inmates will be any the worse for the glass they will get with their Christmas dinner. In these days there is not much difference between a brewery and a waterworks.

High-handed.

It is time that an end was put to the tragi-farce of offering unemployed persons jobs which they are unable to accept, either through the lowness of the pay or because the work is miles away from their home, and then refusing them the unemployment dole on the ground that they have turned down employment offered them through a Labour Exchange. One of the many such cases brought to our notice is that of a woman who was asked to accept work at £1 a week, out of which she would have had to pay 8d. a day in fares, including Sundays. It is a wicked procedure.

The Councillor and the Newsboy.

Apropos of our "Open Letter" to Councillor Goodere, of Derby, commenting upon a speech he made in which he challenged his hearers to prove that he had ever summoned anyone for 9d.—although eleven years ago he had actually issued process in the County Court for that insignificant sum—it appears that directly his memory was refreshed he wrote the local paper candidly admitting the fact, and pointing out that the summons was necessitated, in his opinion, to enforce an important principle. The newsboy in question was not employed by him, and the small amount in dispute was in respect of papers for which he had had credit but had not accounted. Mr. Goodere's personal honour, therefore, remains unsmirched.

For the Wrong Children.

After the Mayor had been visited by the Lady Organiser of the "Save the Children" Fund, the Town Council of Haverfordwest appointed Christmas Market Day as a local Flag Day for the children, not of the invaded and ravaged lands of our Allies, but of the immense "enemy" areas that escaped untouched. Our hope is that Haverfordwest folk will scorn to part with their money for the purpose.

"In Driest America."

We are continually receiving authentic accounts from eye-witnesses of what Prohibition means in the United States. "Every cellar and every conceivable hiding place is full of all kinds of alcoholic drinks," lately stated the representative of two of Britain's largest commercial houses. On his arrival on a snowy night at a New York hotel he was at once asked whether he would like a drop of whisky to warm him. It is not prohibition that they have in the States, but blatant hypocrisy.

Not Too Old to Fight.

An ex-Service man, who took up arms in 1914, was discharged in 1919, and subsequently re-enlisted for short service with the Labour Corps, recently saw a poster stating "ex-Service men urgently required as postmen." Being out of work, and having a wife and family to maintain, he applied through his local Labour Exchange, only to be told eventually, after filling up the necessary forms, that he was "too old." He was neither too old to fight, nor to re-enlist after the war, but the Postmaster-General apparently considers him to be too old to carry letters.

"To Him That Asks——"

When a man named Mitchell, a foreman in the employ of Messrs. Clarke, Foster & Co., tyremakers, Cricklewood, was fined £3 at Willesden the other day for stealing his firm's material, he pleaded the inadequacy of his weekly wage of 50s., and told the Magistrate that he often had to borrow odd shillings from men working under him. The Managing Director thereupon stated that Mitchell was an old and valued servant, who would have been paid more if he had only asked for it! With this extraordinary spirit of generosity, it would be interesting to know what the men working under Mitchell are earning

Own Expense.

At the instance of the Labour Exchange, Southampton, ex-Serjeant S. S. Spiteri, of Hamworthy, Dorset, got into communication with Perrin's Motor Garages, Ltd., Southampton, with reference to a vacancy as book-keeper. Subsequently he received a letter from "G. W. Lucas, General Manager," asking him to call and see the writer. He did so at an expense of 15s. 6d. About a month afterwards he was informed by another letter from Mr. Lucas that the vacancy had been filled. On application for the expenses, Perrin's Motor; Garages, Ltd., refuse to consider the matter. But to bring up a man from a long distance and to refuse his expenses when you turn him down is not to the credit of any firm.

"Bullets" New Year Prize.

To celebrate the New Year, the first prize in our "Bullets" Competition has been increased to £500. Start the year well by winning this splendid sum.

Rubber Lined Ties

A Rubber Lined Tie looks like new after you have worn it for a long time. We have no need to make extravagant assertions about **Rubber Lined Ties**, your own experience will be our best salesman. You know what a nuisance the swansdown lining is—every man has suffered in temper and pocket by it since he was a lad. How many ties, good ties, nice ties have you been compelled to scrap simply because the lining has got stringy, or collected in knots, or fallen out altogether. Rubber is the only non-creaseable material known. Next time—buy a

Rubber Lined Tie.

We say no more—we know—you will know—and eventually will thank us. They cost no more than ordinary ties. Prices from **2/-** to **10/6** each. If unable to obtain from your hosier, send his name and address to the makers:

WM. HEY & CO (London), Ltd.
25, 26, 27, CHISWELL STREET, E.C.1

Dismal James!

"Don't talk to me of agitators," snapped Uncle Cheeriboy, "they're a pack of dismal Jimmies who think the world's gone wrong when it's their own precious livers. A clear head and sound judgment can only go with a healthy digestion and a sprightly liver. You know my remedy well enough by this time—Page Woodcock's Pills."

Page Woodcock's Pills are a harmless vegetable remedy with 70 years' reputation as the finest corrective that nature has provided for the relief of all **stomach, liver** and **kidney troubles.** Without purging they restore the natural functions of the bowels and stomach, removing any tendency to **constipation**—and cleansing the liver and kidneys of all impurities. They are so effectual that the most obstinate cases derive immediate and lasting benefit.

They make and keep you fit!
70 years' reputation.
Sold by all Chemists. 1/3 and 3/- per box.
Have Cured Millions. Why not you?

Page Woodcock's Pills

DOCTOR'S STOLEN KISSES.

ANGRY HUSBAND RESENTS MEDICAL MAN'S REPREHENSIBLE CONDUCT.

THIS week it is our painful duty to call attention to a case of grave professional misconduct on the part of a doctor in busy practice in the London suburb of Peckham, S.E., and we may say at the outset that it is from no other motive than that of public duty that we ventilate a scandal of this kind. We do so, after prolonged consideration, because we feel that if patients cannot trust their doctors, if women are to be at the mercy of any unscrupulous person who happens to be in the medical profession, there will be an end for ever of that sacred confidence between the public and the medical faculty which counts for so much in our modern social life. We do not wish to put the matter too bluntly or in any way that will offend the susceptibilities of our readers. The plain truth is that we trust our doctors where we would trust no other men. We allow them, and even invite them in case of sad necessity, to engage in acts of physical intimacy with our womenfolk that would be unthinkable in the case of any man who did not hold the diploma of the College of Surgeons. Obviously, there is a grave collateral responsibility. The doctor must be clean in mind and act. Otherwise he is a blackguard, and should be shunned from decent society. Moreover, such a man should be forbidden to exercise a profession that brings him into such contact with women as to give him the easy opportunity of misconduct.

The Doctor's Case.

Not for a moment do we suggest that Dr. W. Jarvis Bell, of 135, Hill Street, Peckham, S.E., has abused his professional privileges to the extent that he might have done had he been worse than he is. But he has taken, as our French friends say, "the first step that costs"—the step that costs his professional honour, his reputation as a gentleman, his status as a medical man. Without her leave—against her inclinations, contrary to her desires—he has been bestowing his caresses upon a woman who, in ordinary circumstances, would have had no opportunity of bringing her grievance to light. We are not making random accusations. Perhaps on the whole it would be fairer to let the Doctor state his own case. For, knowing he could not escape the charge, he has seen fit to put into writing what perhaps he would be pleased to call his "Defence," and wishing in a matter of such terrible gravity to be scrupulously correct, we prefer to publish *his* words rather than our own. His letters are in our safe keeping. They have been verified, and speak for themselves. The first quotation, contained in a letter from Dr. Jarvis Bell to the husband of the insulted woman, is in the following terms:—"It was exactly in this joking spirit that I actually did kiss her the other day; but no sooner was it done than I bitterly regretted my folly. I saw that I had annoyed and embarrassed her, and I decided then and there that should she continue to be distressed I would make a clean breast of the incident to you with all the apology I could offer and then take what was coming to me. Fate decided otherwise, and gave me no opportunity, however. I think this explanation is due to myself, although I do not claim that it excuses me. It does, however, show my action in its true light as one of impulsive stupidity only and not the result of gross and calculated wickedness."

The Poltroon's Plea.

Not "gross and calculated wickedness" possibly, but grave and serious professional misconduct, which in the public interest, and in that of the medical profession, must be inexorably condemned. He kissed the woman, forsooth, "in a joking spirit," as though he had nothing better to do than play the fool when called in and paid his fees for the treatment of a decent man's wife. He found—it must have surprised his blundering intelligence—that she was "distressed and embarrassed" by his unwelcome attentions. Conceivably he imagined that this modest woman was to be flattered by his addresses, proud of his stray caresses, eager to begin the intimacy the first kiss must always suggest in the mind of any woman with a normal allowance of imagination. By way of excuse, Dr. Bell has been able to offer nothing better than his first halting, futile effort. Two days later, however, on receipt of an angry retort from the woman's husband, he did pen this choice communication: "I may in pity have touched her brow or hair with my lips. Very possibly may have done the same thing when her body was racked by the pains of labour. It is difficult to charge ones memory with things which made no more impression on my mind than the effort to soothe a crying baby would have done, and very possibly in her state of mental or bodily perturbation they may have entirely escaped Mrs. ———'s notice. Certainly they were never referred to between us subsequently. One would have to be a stony-hearted man to be a doctor and never show his patients sympathy." We hesitate to comment. As a doctor, one would have to be an ill-principled scoundrel to claim the right that Dr. Bell has claimed. Think of it. On the theory advanced in the above so-called apology a medical man is to be allowed, if only he can put up some specious pseudo-scientific excuse, to invade the husband's domain to the extent, at any rate, of bestowing kisses upon any woman who may be ill, or perhaps not ill but simply experiencing one of those physiological crises which are woman's normal lot. No more cynical, no more impudent attempt to excuse improper familiarities was ever advanced. Would a clergyman be allowed to plead that he was entitled to kiss a parishioner for the good of her soul? The doctor's plea is scarcely more respectable than that of a tradesman who was heard to say that he caressed the lady of the house for the sake of an order. We do not wish to go into the more sordid details of the case, but if it is true, as we hear, that the husband, on learning the facts, administered to Dr. Bell a dose of severe physical chastisement, we say that never was the use of violence more absolutely justified. If the medical profession is going to begin this sort of behaviour, then let every honest man rise up in anger.

A Happy Exception.

The conduct of Dr. Jarvis Bell, of Peckham, is, however, a rare and isolated exception to a sound and wholesome professional tradition. We should be doing less than our duty to the medical profession as a whole if we failed to protest on an occasion of this sort. It is possible that Dr. Bell may consult his legal advisers and threaten us with the pains of the law. We care nothing. It has never been the habit of this journal to falter in its discharge of an imperative public duty from fear of consequences. We say to Dr. Bell, "Challenge your own confession if you will. Go back on what you have written about this amorous episode with the wife of a decent citizen—one whom, doubtless, you thought friendless and powerless to defend his insulted honour—and we will meet your action, wherever it may lie." Until then our position is clear. We will take all risks in attacking any professional man who uses his position to soil and besmirch the honour of a woman. We decline to sit by in silence while a person of the type of Dr. Jarvis Bell enjoys his quiet "joke" at the expense of the patient's husband. And there we will leave it.

A GIRL'S FIRST TRIP.

NO MERCY FROM THE CLACTON MAGISTRATES.

At Clacton Petty Sessions, a young girl, named Bessie Sparrow, was convicted of stealing clothing from a lady visitor to Frinton. It seems to us that the nature of her guilt was not wickedness, but a girl's desire for the possession of some better clothing—in fact, her "crime" was vanity. But the eight Magistrates, one of them a clergyman, agreed to sentence her to a month's imprisonment with hard labour. In spite of a passionate plea for mercy by her fiancé, who is anxious to marry her, the Bench declined to reconsider their decision. Yet from every point of view the case was one for a sentence of "bound over." We understand an influential petition to the Home Office has been locally arranged, and we trust it will result in the immediate release of the girl, for the sake of her future and for the sake of the highly-respectable family to which she belongs.

"CRIMES" OF THE CHILDREN.

OUTRAGEOUS CLAUSE OF THE EDUCATION ACT.

The new Education Act provides that in future a child engaged in street trading, such as delivering newspapers or milk, shall be liable to a fine not exceeding 20s. In the case of a second or subsequent offence, the youngster may be sent an industrial school—a terrible penal institution—for a term of years. Lincoln's bye-laws specially state, "the expression 'child' means a person under the age of 14 years." Poor struggling parents will go in fear and dread. If their child is willing and anxious to help keep the home together by earning money in "street trading," the result may mean disaster and ruin. For, should the child, perhaps only a little under the age of 14, contravene that wicked law more than once, he or she, young and innocent, may be promptly spirited away for years to a place avowedly set apart for the correction of juvenile criminals!

RENNELS' RAMP.

AN OILY AND SLIPPERY PROPOSITION.

"Persons, either sex, wanted to undertake copywork at home in spare time; liberal remuneration. Write, enclosing stamp," runs the advertisement of D. and E. Rennels, 39, Hughenden Road, High Wycombe. In a circular reply the applicant is invited to forward a shilling for specimen work and necessary stationery for copies—this to be refunded when the first batch of finished work is received. In exchange for the shilling, what the unemployed person actually gets is a picture postcard—worth a penny at the most;—a piece of thin Bristol board, 4½ in. by 3½ in., and a letter telling him that he "should be able to paint quite saleable copies in oils." Such work is a task requiring no little knowledge of art or small expenditure of time. The whole scheme looks suspiciously like a ramp to dispose of penny picture postcards for a shilling.

A "ROLL OF HONOUR."

PRICE TO PAY FOR DUTY DONE.

In May last we referred to a firm then touting so-called "Rolls of Honour." The main complaint was that the people drew fees of 2s. 6d. from those whose names were to appear on the Roll, nothing more being heard of the matter. Several distinguished ex-soldiers, including a "Brigadier," had at that time apparently countenanced the concern, but they seem to have left it. The firm is now announced as the National Publishing Company (S. N. Pike), Head Office, 1, York Place, Baker Street, London, W.1., with branches at Southampton, Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and Nottingham. Its scheme is to print its precious "Roll of Honour" in sections containing local names, and unloading those sections upon unsuspecting people at prices varying from 16s. 6d. to 25s. According to its prospectus, it is willing to rope in anybody for inclusion in the "Roll"—anybody who has been soldier, sailor, nurse, Waac, Wren, special constable, or "special war worker." A woman tells us that a canvasser called at her door and asked if anybody there had served in the war. Her husband had done his bit, and, thinking the visit an official one, she gave the man as requested full particulars of such service. The agent then said the details were required for a Roll of Honour, to cost 16s. 6d., and the woman asked him to call in the evening, to see her husband. Of course he could not do that—canvassers prefer to deal with women!—but said she could sign the order form and, if her husband objected, could cancel it by post. Trusting to that artful yarn, the poor woman signed. Hubby, naturally, *did* object, and she promptly wrote to cancel the order. But a copy of the book, or "section" thereof, arrived later on, and she has been dunned for the money ever since. The agent refuses to accept the volume back. Pike wants the money—which he will take at a shilling a week, if he can get it. If so paid, "no proceedings will be taken." That leaves a poor woman in fear of a County Court summons for a substantial sum of money for a "Roll" she does not want and never expected to be saddled with. We believe she is not the only victim entrapped by wily agents calling when the man of the house is from home. And we entirely fail to see any "honour" in selling a Roll of Honour, or a bit of one, in such questionable circumstances.

£1,000 "BULLETS" WINNER.

SOLDIER SONS SECURE RE-START IN CIVIL LIFE.

During the last few days we have awarded another gigantic prize—£1,000 for a "Bullet," the successful competitor being Mr. M. Crystal, of 30, Exchange Street, Blackpool. He gained this handsome sum for his effort, "Selling Off—If 'Things Are Bad.'" Mr. Crystal informs us that upon receiving the cheque he was "overwhelmed with delight," naturally feeling proud of the fact that the effort was entirely his own. He is 49 years of age, married, with four sons and one daughter, three of the former having served their country during the war, two being demobbed and one still with the Colours. The Crystals are "a very keen competition family," and have been competing in "Bullets" for several years, their efforts being rewarded by one of the sons obtaining a £25 prize. Mr. Crystal, senr., is in business in Blackpool as a ladies' tailor, a trade which lately, he tells us, has been "none too good, owing to the general slump and the number of people who are 'selling off' and in most cases very poor quality goods." This fact, it is interesting to learn, inspired the winning effort. The £1,000 will, in Mr. Crystal's own words, "come in very handy in giving a good start to my sons who served during the war." A patriotic and thoroughly praiseworthy object!

OUR CHRISTMAS POOR FUND.

YULETIDE GIFTS FOR SUFFERING LONDONERS.

In accordance with our custom at this time of the year, we appeal to the generosity of our readers for funds to purchase food, clothing, toys, sweets, etc., for distribution amongst the poor at Christmas time. Our plan is—and it is one which has always met with the approval of our readers—to buy tickets from local tradesmen, on presentation of which these necessaries and modest luxuries may be taken home for family consumption. Left-off clothing, boots and other wearing apparel are highly welcome, and will be carefully sorted by a band of voluntary helpers and given in quarters where most urgently required. Toys—anything suitable for children—are greatly appreciated.

Subscriptions should be forwarded direct to our offices, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2., but all parcels of clothing, etc., should be sent to the JOHN BULL Depot, 25, Church Road, London, E.9.

DONATIONS.

"Shepherd's Bush," 7s. 6d.; "South Ealing Reader," 1s.; "Thankful Mother" (Leytonstone), 2s.; K. O. (Battersea), 3s.; A. F. D. (Headon), 5s.; Mrs. C., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. S. (Fleet), £1 10s.; A. J. B. C. (Bembridge), 2s.; R. G. R. (Seven Kings), £1; H. M. & K. C. (Plumstead), 2s.; Anon., £1; "Admirer" (Sydenham), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. P. P., 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. G. T., J. T. and M. E. T. (Buckingham), 6s.; W. C. P. (Gt. Yarmouth), 3s.; J. W. L. (Bodmin), 5s.; H. B. (Sheffield), 2s.; C. B. (Lyndhurst), 2s. 6d.; R. A. (Maidstone), 1s.; J. L. J. (Nantymoel), 2s.; J. W. (Mold), 2s.; W. C. (Cumberland), £1; S. H. (St. Annes-on-Sea), 5s.; Mr. E. G. and Miss B. G. (Mossley), 5s.; Mrs. E. G. (Southampton), 1s.; "Heather," 1s.; H. E. A. (Guildford), £2; R. M. C. (Hoghton), 5s.; Mrs. H. M. S. (Penrith), 2s.; W. H. S. (Atherstone), 5s.; T. V., 5s.; A. W., 5s.; J. T., 2s.; J. W., 2s.; C. H. S. (Dover), 1s.; G. E. P. (Eastleigh), 2s.; A. S. (Birmingham), 1s.; W. J. (Exmouth), 2s.; "Clinker Shifter," 1s.; "S'oton," 2s. 6d.; A. P. (Nottingham), 2s.; K. F., 2s.; Mrs. S. M. (S. Devon), 1s.; Mrs. L. A. M. (Tiverton), 6s.; A. R. (Edinburgh), 2s.; M. E. H. (Yeovil), 3s. 6d.; A. K. K. (Mitchelstown), 1s.; A. N. (Southampton), 2s.; P. and E. W. (Southsea), 4s.; J. S. H. (Ballintra), £1 17s.; "A Widow's Mite" (Troon), 3s.; E. J., 10s.; P. J. (Halstead), 2s.; Anon., £1; Anon. (Norwich), 5s.; J. M. (Whitstable), 5s.; M. S., 2s. 6d.; Miss A. E. S., 10s.; Mrs. M. L. (Hastings), 5s.; R. W., 5s.; "Vaurien," 2s.; G. J. (Forest Gate), 4s.; G. A. R. (Edmonton), 1s.; "Engineer," 5s.; G. L. M., £1; E. J., 1s.; G. B. (Peterborough), 5s.; "Little Wench," 2s. 6d.; A. J. M. (Queens Park), £5; L. L. (Bramley), 10s.; L. B. (Fulham), 2s.; Mrs. M. E. (Manchester), £1; A. W. (Compton), 6s.; M. U. (Twickenham), 7s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; W. G. and M. R. (Peckham), 2s. 6d.; E. E. (Bexhill), 5s.; J. H. T. (Liverpool), 2s.; "Sympathy," 2s.; W. C. (Bristol), 10s.; A. G. B. (Chelsea), 1s.; "A Naval Disabled," 2s. 6d.; A. & J. D., 2s. 6d.; L. F. (Pirbolme), 5s.; C. E. R. (Cleethorpes), 3s. 6d.; Mrs. T. (Midhurst), 2s. 6d.; K. S. (Streatham), 10s.; A. F. M., 5s.; W. P. (Buntingford), 2s.; "Ex-Tommy" (Warrington), 3s.; A. P., 5s.; W. S. (Edinburgh), 5s.; "Rosite," £1; A. W. B. (Aberdeen), 5s.; E. J. G., 5s.; "A Well Wisher" (Kempston), 2s.; Mrs. E. M. T. (Willesden), £1.; "Ting-Gee," 2s.; A. C. (Welling), 10s.; H. J. G. (Harrow), 3s.; B. C. (Thornton Heath), 2s.; Mr. & Mrs. W. E., £2 2s. and clothing; L. F. (Southsea), 2s. 6d.; E. R. (Southend), 5s.; W. M. C. (Wimbledon), 5s.; "Old Ebony," 5s.; Miss. F. B. (Leyton), 5s.; E. S. (Grantham), 5s.; W. & C. M. (Cambridge), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. E. (Margate), 2s. 6d.; P. W. S. (Crouch End), 5s.; "Santa Claus" (Thirsk), £1 1s.; A. C. W. (Crayford), 10s.; "Old Bill," £1.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of each item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"MY WEEKLY":—"I was soon on my way to the station, and BOOKED A SLEEPING COMPANION FOR THE NIGHT."

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES":—"A DEAD CALM, with a SLIGHT BREEZE and low visibility, were the conditions."

"EVENING NEWS":—"When the woman . . . CONSULTED HER WRISTLET WATCH . . . it WASN'T THERE!"

"MOTOR CYCLE" (advertisement):—"Constructed on Car lines, it is the ideal RUNABOUT alike for COUNTRY WALKS or town shopping."

"CAMBRIDGESHIRE TIMES":—"Rupert Ravenshaw was NOT MAD. . . . His INSANITY will be amply proved."

"DAILY MAIL" (letter to Editor):—"The pillow should be LOW and feet HIGH, so that the BLOOD MAY RUN FREELY FROM BRAIN TO TOES."

"STAR" (serial story):—Acroyd's CIGAR, held between fat, well-cared-for fingers, GAZED AT HIM IN ADMIRATION."

"NORTHWICH GUARDIAN":—"The bridesmaids were attired in champagne alpaca, and wore GOLD BREECHES."

"DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"The order of procession will be as follows: . . . H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES."

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£50 for Short Verses on the Unknown Warrior

THE great event of interring the Unknown Warrior was a National symbol of mourning and respect shown by all classes throughout the Empire, which will not be easily forgotten by the many thousands directly affected by the Great War.

Poetry was ever the most exalted expression on these solemn occasions, but unfortunately it was marked by its absence on this supreme National event.

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Write Verse (which must not exceed six lines) on a Post Card, with your Name and Address, and despatch same before January 5th, 1921, addressed to "Verses"—

WINOX Ltd., RICHMOND, SURREY

PRISONER AT THE BAR.—Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

BEFORE MR. JUSTICE BULL.

MR. JUSTICE BULL: Put up the Prisoner, and make him answer to his name.

PRISONER: My name, which is a household word over three Continents, is George Bernard Shaw, and perhaps you will permit me to say, before we go farther, that I regard it as a supreme outrage that a man of my parts should be asked to plead before a tribunal of this description. Still, I am in your hands.

Mr. JUSTICE BULL: Let us talk sensibly, Prisoner. You are charged with having misused your great talents for the purpose of belittling your own country and holding up to ridicule those institutions under which, when all is said, you have risen to a level of comfort and prosperity that is the envy of many loyal citizens no less able than yourself. This charge is one of the utmost gravity, and it would be improper for me to proceed further without inviting you to offer a word or two in your own defence.

PRISONER: On more than one point, my Lord, I demur to your charge. In the first place, you speak of my own country—meaning, I suppose, this England of yours, in which, as I have repeatedly affirmed, I am an entire stranger, being an Irishman by birth, and for the rest a citizen of the world at large. I acknowledge no allegiance to your Throne or Constitution—having indeed an utter contempt for the baubles of State by which plain people are impressed. If you are to try me it must be as one of the world's great thinkers—as a man with an intellect far removed from the common level, and as one who, if he submits to your authority, does so only under protest and retains none the less the most complete confidence in his own integrity. I shall be glad now to hear the whole substance of the charge.

Mr. JUSTICE BULL: You adopt an arrogant tone, Prisoner—which is, of course, not surprising, seeing that for years past your favourite pose has been one of overweaning egotism and on occasion of almost infantile conceit. However, I will proceed immediately to the substance of the indictment against you. It extends over a lengthy period of years, and I may say at once that I wholly endorse the Jury's view that upon the main counts you are guilty without excuse. In the early days of the War, when the whole country was quivering under the shock of the German onslaught, you saw fit to publish a pamphlet entitled "Common Sense about the War," in which you made the sufferings of your countrymen and the agony of the Empire the sport of your facile pen: This gross publication remains on record, side by side with that previous declaration of yours in which you had the hardihood to assert that a good soldier was "not a man at all," but "a blind, heartless, soulless machine." Nevertheless, if in the light of later events you had seen fit to retract your poisonous utterances, I might have been disposed to make some allowance for the volatile instability of such a temperament as yours. But you never recanted a word of these pestilent heresies. Instead, when you found the columns of the English Press closed to you, you sought a market for your wares in the United States of America—and there, while better men than you were dearly selling their life's blood in defence of British freedom, you maintained a constant fusillade of criticism against the institutions of this country the only effect of which could be to offer aid and comfort to the King's enemies. That is the first item in the charge against you, and you will hardly venture to contest its truth.

PRISONER: I am indifferent, my Lord. As I have already said, I am a citizen of the world and own no allegiance save to the cause of humanity at large.

Mr. JUSTICE BULL: Twice you have raised this plea. Can you point me to any evidence of your services to humanity, or show me in what way you have ever made up for your lack of patriotism by any worthy effort to better the condition of mankind in general? I fail to discover any circumstances which might serve to mitigate judgment.

PRISONER: My dramatic work has delighted the whole civilised world, and even in Germany my plays have been compared with those of Shakespeare—to the heavy detriment of the Bard of Avon. Such wonderful tributes should, I submit, entitle me to lenient treatment at the hands of this Court, and I shall have a lower view than ever of British justice if I am not handsomely acquitted.

Mr. JUSTICE BULL: Listen, Prisoner. It is Christmas week, and I am disposed to clemency. You will be released upon one undertaking—namely, that for the future you devote your undoubted talents to the service of your fellow countrymen, endeavouring to find a way out of the difficulties which beset us on every hand. I see you have been talking recently about the education of children, a subject upon which I should have thought you might have been able to afford us some practical enlightenment. Instead, I find you indulging in your usual quips and cranks—talking with your tongue in your cheek, and laughing up your sleeve at that misguided section of the public which is disposed to take you seriously. "The school of to-day," you say, "is a prison in which children are put because they are an intolerable nuisance at home." Now, if instead of indulging in this sort of cheap humour—if that is the right name for it—you had applied your mind to the discovery of such improvements in our educational system as might enable the children of to-day to take their place in the world of to-morrow as earnest and useful citizens, I should have entertained some hopes of your ultimate return to the paths of sanity. At any rate, you shall have your chance. You will be remanded for six months, and in the meantime I shall expect you to make your first contribution towards the welfare of your long suffering fellow countrymen. There must be substantial bail.

RECORD IN BRUTALITY.

PALTRY FINE FOR A HULKING BULLY.

Some of the Bishop Auckland Magistrates seem to encourage rather than prevent cruelty. Joseph Genner, a powerful lout of 19, employed at the Bowden Close Colliery, was charged with assaulting John Girling, a frail boy of 14. This is what Genner had done. He had taken Girling and hung him up by the toes to a wooden beam. Having left him in that position till the blood ran into his head, Genner then deliberately thrust his thumb with great force on the boy's nose until it began to bleed profusely. The poor little lad was naturally almost frightened to death. Mr. Proud, who prosecuted for the Colliery, said the matter was the more serious because this was not the first occasion on which the accused had indulged in such practices. In excuse Genner pleaded that it was all a joke! The tragic and culminating joke was that the Bench, having solemnly declared that the case was "a very grave one," imposed a fine of £3 4s., including costs! Words fail one. As a further indication of the utter callousness of Genner's nature, it should be mentioned that for endangering the lives of his comrades by taking matches into the mine on November 18th he was—at the same sitting and by the same astounding Bench—fined the sum of nine shillings! It is to be hoped that Genner will yet meet with from his mates the sort of punishment he deserves. As for the Bench, one can only wish that each individual member will some day have brought home to him the pain inflicted by the species of torture which he considers merits no more than a fine.

"THE IRON LINK."

INGENUOUS IMPUDENCE FROM INNSBRUCK.

Some things really "lick creation." One of them is Hun impudence—which neither war nor peace, victory nor defeat, is capable of extinguishing. The limit is probably reached when we find our "late" enemy actually appealing, in England, for Christmas boxes for his war cripples. This is what is being done by the Deutsch-Osterr Eisenbahnten-Verein of Innsbruck (we apologise for publishing its barbarous name, which stands for the German-Austrian Railwaymen's Union), who in a touting circular to their "Dear Comrades" in England have the effrontery to request the aforesaid "comrades" to come to their financial assistance. "The iron link, holding together the railway clerks of all countries," says the Verein's begging letter, "must show also now, more than ever, our union. To make a little more agreeable and joyful the last days of our poor comrades, crippled in the war, and of their women and children, sick by the grief, the clerks of the direction wish to buy a home for recenvalescents." Unfortunately the "clerks of the direction" haven't the money for the "home for recenvalescents," and they propose that their British "comrades" shall supply the deficiency by giving a sovereign apiece. British railwaymen are hardly likely to be taken in by this clap-trap, even if it is spiced with a reference to the approach of Christmas, and the Innsbruck mendicants can be left to attend to their own war cripples. We have enough disabled ex-soldiers and sailors in this country to look after, without helping to start convalescent homes in Austria.

HEROES IN LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

HOW RECOVERY OF WAR-WORN IS RETARDED.

Is the Ministry of Pensions alive to its very serious responsibilities in the matter of ex-Service men who are inmates of mental institutions? Under existing conditions, if a nerve-shattered hero is sent to an asylum, there is no machinery to prevent his detention long after it is actually necessary. The result is that—just at a time when surroundings, especially mental surroundings, count for so very much in a man's return to health and strength—he is herded with the permanently insane, thus retarding his recovery, if not, indeed, causing him to lose his mental balance for "good" and all. Obviously, the present system of visits only twice a year by the Lunacy Commissioners is entirely ineffectual. It may be necessary in the first instance to place these unfortunate men in an ordinary lunatic asylum, instead of confining them in an institute specially reserved for ex-Service men, but there is no shadow of justification for continuing their imprisonment when they are on the road to recovery. They should be sent to Convalescent Homes, in appropriate surroundings, instead of being surrounded by incurable lunatics until a visit by a Commissioner may set them free. We suggest that the Pensions Minister should give this very vital matter immediate and comprehensive attention. We can assure him that upon it the mind of the great British nation is definitely made up—that they still keenly remember the great sacrifices of these unfortunate men in the cause of liberty, and are determined that justice shall be done.

A POTTED POLITICAL PANTO.

THE WASTERS.

SCENE: A Waste Place.

Enter Chorus of WASTERS:

We come before you to confess
That wasting is our business!
We waste your money and your time
With a lavishness that is sublime!

Gigantic schemes devoid of sense,
But guaranteed to cause expense,
Our most ingenious brains create—
And that is how we serve the State!

We're wasters one, we're wasters all,
Stone deaf to the country's Economy call!

Enter the Demon EXTRAVAGANCE:

My faithful servitors, I come to say
How very pleased I am with you to-day;
At the same time, permit me to enjoin
Still greater freedom with the country's coin
(When I say "coin," you know, of course, my lads,
That I mean paper money—Fishers—Brads):
You're spending well, but there's still greater scope
For further prodigality, I hope?

Chorus of WASTERS:

Sure! We're already in the seventh heaven
At the idea of harnessing the Severn!
Millions untold that grandiose scheme should cost,
The bulk of which will probably be lost!

The Demon EXTRAVAGANCE:

Excellent! But, although that is the stuff
To give 'em it is not enough!
The world is wide; why not declare your aim, here
And now, to find another Mess-pot-amia?

Chorus of WASTERS:

That blessed word! What joyous mem'ries rise
At mention of that costly enterprise!
Muddle and wastefulness there reigned supreme,
Through which flowed millions in a steady stream!
Ah, it was good! . . . .
But who is this comes here?

Enter the SPIRIT OF ANARCHY:

Hello, my faithful servitors, what cheer?

Chorus of WASTERS:

Who is this person? "Servitors"! What cheek!
We are no slaves of yours. Whom do you seek?

SPIRIT OF ANARCHY:

My henchmen—and I've found 'em—you're the chaps,
Although you weren't aware of it, perhaps!

Chorus of WASTERS:

You're guilty of a rather rude advance:
We are the slaves of Lord Extravagance!

SPIRIT OF ANARCHY:

And therefore mine! For Anarchy gains force
When Governments adopt a wasteful course!
Profuse extravagance remains the best
Way of arousing popular unrest;
Unrest, no matter what its cause may be,
Develops quickly into Anarchy.
Therefore, you chronic wasters serve my ends—
You are, in fact, the Anarchist's best friends!
Spend! To the poor your wastefulness display:
The seed, thus sown, will breed a Dreadful Day.
When blood will flow, and Anarchy hold sway.

Chorus of WASTERS:

Dear me! Can that be true?
Whatever shall we do?

SPIRIT OF ANARCHY:

The leopard cannot change his spots,
Nor Ethiop his skin;
Nor can you Wasters change—you've no
Idea where to begin!

So come, me lads,
Let's spend the Brads—
When gone, we'll print some more!

On with the dance
Extravagance!
The aftermath of War!

Exeunt omnes.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

TROUBLE OF AN EDINBURGH GIRL.

The story is not new. This time it comes from Edinburgh, and reveals the tragedy of a Scottish lassie. "Could you take up cases like mine?" she writes—"girls who are left expecting a baby with nothing to live on and nothing to look forward to? He promised to marry me when I told him what was the matter; now he never looks at me. I know I am just the same to blame as him, but God knows we girls are punished enough for our mistake. Could you not try and get a little justice for us? Don't you think the men should be punished a little? I am 19 years old, and have nothing saved. I have notice to leave my place and I have nowhere to go, and four months to wait afterwards. I have the baby to work for, while the man has only to pay 4s. 6d. a week and he makes over £6. I won't be able to get the baby kept under 10s. a week, and that means me paying 5s. 6d. besides doctor's fees and clothes. Is it a wonder a girl kills her child? I have tried to drown myself, but must be a coward, for I can't. Even if the men had only to pay 10s. a week we should be able to keep our baby; but oh, dear, what we girls suffer! Try and ease the burden of girls who have been foolish like me." What a problem this is. Ruin a girl's life, destroy her character, make her suffer, make her pay—and then sneak out of all responsibility and all care for a new life you have helped to bring into the world—what in the name of humanity is to be said of a man like that? Where the partnership is equal the price should be the same at least. That is justice. We hope to see an early dawning of the day when the law will be altered more in favour of girls whose share of wrong-doing is hardly ever as great as that of the men who have their pleasure and then desert them.

ONE OF THE R.I.C.

UNWORTHY RECOMPENSE FOR A FINE RECORD.

The men of the Royal Irish Constabulary have long been acclaimed as among the best in the world, but the heads of the force fail to treat them in accord with their merits. For instance, a man joined in 1887, served 25 years, and was obliged through ill-health to retire in 1912 on a pension of £42 2s. 4d. In August, 1914, six days after war was declared, he offered to return, and was duly and politely thanked as being the first R.I.C. pensioner to volunteer. But nothing else occurred, so he offered himself in 1915 for Home Defence, and was turned down as over age. Nothing daunted, he pegged away till appointed a recruiting sergeant, and that post he held until, in 1916, the R.I.C. claimed him as a special constable. He had some exciting and adventurous experiences, and was finally instrumental in bringing to justice and to sentence a notorious rebel. But from that moment he was a marked and boycotted man. The police barracks where he lay were destroyed and his effigy burned. After 13 months of stress, toil, and jeopardy, he was compelled to resign from the force in consequence of a return of his former illness. He was obliged to take up civil life again on his old pension of £42 2s. 4d. per annum, and was also driven from home in Ireland to seek fruitlessly for work in England. Staring him in the face is the workhouse, for a man cannot live on £42 a year in these days. His desire is very modest. He has begged the R.I.C. to take into account for pension the four years he added as special constable to the 25 years previously served. But he can get no reply. It seems a mean and miserly attitude to adopt towards one of the old "tried and true." The man's record demands respect and that slender financial recompense which is his modest claim.

SEASON TICKET BLACKMAIL.

REGULATION WHICH SHOULD BE SCRAPPED.

Among the commercial concerns which are fighting to the last ditch against the surrender of any of their wartime privileges are the railway companies. Only grudgingly and under pressure do they issue any excursion tickets—week-end and other cheap fares are apparently as dead as the dodo—and, not content with increasing the price of season tickets, they still fleece the unfortunate holder who has left his ticket at home, although the collector may know him as well as he knows his own pocket. And should a public-spirited traveller refuse to pay this impost, the companies adopt a procedure which we can only describe as legalised blackmail. We have before us a lengthy correspondence between various officials of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway and a reader, with reference to a sum of 2s. 11d. claimed by the Company as the return fare between Liverpool and Formby on a day when our correspondent left his "season" at home. His ticket is valid up to the end of next April, and on public grounds he refused to pay twice over. Eventually the Company informed him that "definite instructions have been issued by the Railway Executive Committee that payment of the fares must be insisted on in all cases of this kind," and that unless the 2s. 11d. were forthcoming "I shall have no alternative but to request the Secretary to decline to renew the season ticket you at present hold." Unfortunately, a railway company is within its strictly legal rights in holding such a threat over the head of a regular passenger, and we suggest that the Ministry of Transport should lose no time in abolishing a regulation which is to-day as unnecessary as it is dishonest. Incidentally, shareholders can hardly benefit by a system under which considerable time and money are expended to obtain a few shillings.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P., Prime Minister.

DEAR PREMIER,—It's no secret, between you and me, that some people think you're prime and some don't; I'm writing at the moment to assure you of the unanimity of the whole lot in wishing you a merry Christmas, if, as reported, you have decided not to accept a rise in salary to £10,000 a year, even if the Committee votes it to you. As so rare an example of official self-sacrifice deserves special recognition, I am asking the Chancellor of the Exchequer to present you, at the national expense, with a large Christmas cake.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Aunie Lloyd, Ada Place, Pritchard's Road, Hackney, London, N.E.

DEAR YOUNG WOMAN,—A few lines to say how sorry I am to hear of the trouble you are in, and of the brave struggle you have made and are still making to keep the wolf from the door. Without father or mother, at 18 years of age you have to support a family of five—one an imbecile, another out of work, a third 12 years of age, and twins 9 years old, of whom one is ill—and this by selling potherbs in the streets. No wonder you are £8 behind in the rent, and no wonder you have aroused the sympathy of that very humane man, Judge Cluer. Because you cannot pay, the landlord wants to get you out, apparently. Well, we must try to find means of relieving you of that dilemma quickly, and so give you a happier Christmas than would otherwise be the case. Look out for the postman!

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Lamartine Yates, Member, L.C.C.

MADAM,—At a recent meeting of the Council you moved the reference back of a Report which recommended that portraits of Field-Marshal Lord Haig be hung in the schools, on the ground that you "objected to the limiting of these school portraits to those of the celebrities of the Army and Navy." But can a worthier choice of celebrities be made? Our politicians—whose pictures, I gather, you would also like to see adorning the school walls—do not, for the greater part, inspire the nation with as much confidence as the soldiers and sailors who saved the country from invasion and brought it successfully through the war. They fought and worked, while most of the politicians talked. I am glad to see that the majority of your fellow Councillors are apparently of my opinion, as your proposal was defeated.

JOHN BULL.

To Father Robert Smith, Nelson, Lancashire.

REVEREND FATHER,—If anyone deserves that noble appellation it is you. When Sarah Ann Taylor, a girl of 19, pleaded guilty to stealing blankets valued at £7 from the Presbytery, you said you were "inclined to take the view that this is not theft; it is necessity," adding, "I found this girl hungry and out of work. A friend gave her ten shillings, and took her to a hostel. She cannot live long on ten shillings. I am prepared to forfeit everything she has taken from me, and give her a fresh start." If ever you spoke in the words and the spirit of the Master you serve, you did it then. However much we may differ with respect to religious creed and doctrine, I revere your humanity and honour your practical Christianity.

JOHN BULL.

To W. B. Luke, Esq., J.P., Police Court, Willesden.

DEAR CADI,—I am greatly surprised at your refusal to allow more than three weeks' extension in an ejectment case which came before you the other day. The circumstances were that a father, whose very attitude in your Court pronounced him as a common, heartless cad; had the cowardly indecency to apply to you for an Order of Ejectment against his own daughter, the facts being all the more pitiful seeing that the poor woman had a baby only four weeks old. I would go as far as to say that the callous brute who sought to victimise his own flesh and blood in such cruel circumstances ought to be publicly flogged. Clearly, I must bring my whip to Willesden!

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Rocke, 19, Prince of Wales Road, Battersea, London, S.W.

MADAM,—I am wondering whether the fine of £25 inflicted upon you at the South Western Police Court the other day did you justice. You know what I mean. As the Mistress of a School for Girls at Battersea, you received into your house a child for whom fees of £40 per annum were paid, and who told the Magistrate that she had been put to all manner of dirty work—compelled to fetch and carry for you, and generally to act rather as a servant than a pupil. In the end, you were very properly convicted of causing this unhappy little drudge "unnecessary suffering." The further allegations that you used heartless terms of abuse, and allowed her to be worried by a dog of which she was frightened, I prefer not to believe, although the Court apparently accepted them. But you are certainly not the kind of woman I like.

JOHN BULL.

To Thomas Henry Clarke, 10, Waterloo Road, Torquay.

SCURVY KNAVE,—You should thank the imp, or whatever evil thing it is that looks after you, that when you were brought up at Newton Abbot Police Court on the charge of cruelly ill-treating a horse, you came before a Bench which appeared incapable of appreciating the gravity of your crime. Your miserable excuse, that when eating your lunch you prodded the horse with your jack knife "without thought," would not have imposed upon me. Reliable witnesses declared that you deliberately stabbed the animal several times to urge it up a hill, on which it left a trail of blood. Your mean defence persuades me to believe them, and your punishment, instead of a paltry fine of three guineas, should have been a term of imprisonment with hard labour.

JOHN BULL.

To J. G. Shields, Esq., J.P., Isley Walton, Loughborough.

SIR,—It did not surprise me so much that you, being a Justice of the Peace, should be fined for employing children during school hours. But, I must confess that it did a little astonish me that you should commit such an offence while a member of the Education Committee. I am glad that your fines and costs amounted to £8 4s. 6d.—not so much because you broke the law, but because you preferred to employ little children for potato-picking at 2s. 6d. a day rather than engage a few unemployed ex-Service men at a living wage. You have been properly, though inadequately, punished for your meanness.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Jack Jones, M.P., House of Commons.

"COMRADE,"—Do you really imagine you are helping to advance the cause of Labour, which you represent in the House, by your Parliamentary tactics? While the attention of Members was devoted the other night to the discussion of Irish affairs—a serious enough matter in all conscience, and one in which the introduction of irrelevancies and personalities is to be deplored—your one contribution to the debate was to describe Sir Edward Carson, apropos of nothing at all, as looking "as usual, as virtuous as a prostitute at a christening." This sort of thing may be thought uncommonly funny in an East-End taproom—but if you consider it appropriate in the Mother of Parliaments, you will probably induce many moderate people to agree with Mr. Churchill's assertion that "Labour is not fit to govern."

JOHN BULL.

In the Barber's Chair - - - - - Austen Chamberlain.

Goo' mornin', sir. . . . *'Air cuttin'?* Yessir. . . . No, *this* chair, if you please, sir. . . . You ain't, you *carn't* be, Joe's son? . . . Wot? . . . Not Austen? Then you're the Chancellor of the Exchequer! You'd better set in *this* seat, then—with the padded back. It's orften puzzled me w'y you was ever appointed Charnceller. Out of compliment to the dear ole dad, I s'pose. But it does seem 'ard thet the sins o' the children should be visited on the 'eads o' the parents. . . . Will you 'ave it pretty short? . . . *'Air an' conversation alike?* Right-o. . . . Cold, eh? You're Charnceller o' the Exchequer an' I'm a taxpayer. It ain't nachrel fur me to be satisfied with talkin' to you about the weather, is it? I wanter know w'ether you're watchin' over my int'rests, or are you lettin' all the social reform faddists in the Guv'ment 'ave their own way in piling' up the country's exes? It looks to me as though you are. Wot about Addison's 'Ealth Bill wot the 'Ouse o' Lords chucked out? *W'y* did they chuck it out? I'll tell yer. Becos' it shoved a burden of expense on the country wot it carn't stand for some yers to come. But w'y was it left to the 'Ouse o' Lords to do it? Wasn't it *your* job? Ain't chew supposed to be the guardian o' the public purse, or are you simply cashier to the Guv'ment, ready to 'and out wotever they arsk for? You could 'ave told Addison before 'and thet 'e couldn't 'ave the money. You could 'ave stopped Winston chuckin' so much away in Mespot. . . . Wot, *it was agreed to by the Cabinet?* Wot's thet to do with it? Couldn't chew stand up to the Cabinet, like wot pore Randolph Churchill did yers ago, an' resign? I tell yer, the taxpayer is scared of you. You wouldn't have nothink to do with Premium Bonds, f'rinstance, wot would 'ave brought in millions an' saved any amount o' taxation. The taxpayer don't feel safe in your 'ands, becos' you seem to simply look on 'im like an orange, on'y fit for squeezin.' So some of us was pleased w'en we 'eard you might be goin' out to Injia as Viceroy, although at the same time we felt sorter sorry for the pore Injians! . . . But ain't chew feelin' a bit tired of orfice? . . . Eh? *Not a bit?* 'Ard luck! . . . This is a nice bit o' bad news to git before Chris'muss! . . . Wot, *presum'tionon my part to talk to you in this way?* 'Ow do you make thet out? Did'n' you see wot Justice Shearman said the other day? 'E sed that the great Public Departments existed for the benefit o' the public. Some o' you 'eads o' Departments don't seem to realise thet, more especially *you*, mister. You carn't bleed the taxpayers all the time with impunity. Bleed 'em w'ite, an' they may turn "red." Look at yer silly E.P.D. . . . You ain't 'arf in a n'urry! . . . Well, 'e's left 'arf-a-crown, at any rate!

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A Man's JOB

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DRIVERS (eligible for Pension on retirement).
R.I.C. pay 10s. per day; driver's extra pay 2s. 6d. —total, 12s. 6d. per day. In addition, bonus 6s. to single men; married men, 12s., and 11s. lodging allowance per week. Disturbance allowance, 7s. per week in certain areas. Boot allowance, 1s. 6d. per week (all ranks).
Uniform and quarters free. Leave, one month annually on full pay. Railway Warrant from port to home. Two weeks' leave may be granted after six months' service.
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R.I.C. pay 10s. per day; mechanic's pay, 5s. extra per day—total, 15s. per day. Bonuses and allowances as for drivers, and £25 on completion of each twelve months' service.

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Phillips
RUBBERS
"Last the time of three"

By courtesy of John Hart, Esq.

A Brigadier-General writes:
"I have worn nothing else for the past six months."

"Your beer troubles will never happen —— I"

"I am an old man and I have had many troubles—but most of them never happened!" Your beer troubles will never "happen" if you stick to Worthington. The man who *doesn't* ask for Worthington gets the disappointments.

How is that? Well, think of the crystal purity of Worthington. Think of the quality of the hops, of the matchless malt, and of the perfect brewing of Worthington—the things that have for generations made Worthington old England's brew!

Don't grouse — ask for

Worthington's Ale

THE ORIGINAL BURTON ALE

STARVED AND TORTURE

Those Unused Canteen Funds—Ou

By THE EDITOR.

POSSIBLY I have a longer memory than some people, but this genial season of Christmastide never comes round without the serious impression upon my heart and conscience of the pledges which, while red war raged, we made to the men of all ranks and conditions who stood between our peaceful homes and the onslaught of the Hun. As controller of this journal during the terrible period of the War, I feel a measure of direct responsibility in the matter, for how often did I say to the men who were offering their all on the Altar of Sacrifice that never would we forget their supreme endeavour, never overlook their claims upon our gratitude, and never, if I could help it, should any man of them lack for food and shelter in the land that gave them birth! That was my proud promise, offered earnestly when I uttered it. Yet somehow I have a haunting feeling that many of these pledges have gone unredeemed. As we value our name as honest Englishmen, let us look into the facts.

Churchill's Evasion.

The truth of the position is not difficult to reach. If we are to rely upon Board of Trade statistics, there are at this moment as many as 260,000 ex-Service men enduring the agonies of unemployment. Most of them are men on whose record no "black mark" stands, victims of sheer misfortune—among them, moreover, those who have given hostages to fortune in the shape of wives and families, whose piteous cry we cannot refuse to hear at this season of the year. Is there no immediate practical method of relieving their necessities? Must we sit down with folded arms and say that nothing can be done—that it is just the accident of circumstances, and that until the general economic situation of the country is improved there is no hope for these unfortunate survivors of the great struggle? I think not. I believe that I can point to an immediate source from which their most pressing necessities may be relieved. I refer to what are commonly known as the "Byng Millions"—*viz.*, the Excess Profits of the Expeditionary Force Canteens. Really, it is a scandal. Asked in the House of Commons if he could state the actual sum in the Fund, Mr. Winston Churchill said that he "hoped to be in a position to make a full statement," but until further enquiries had been made he could give no information. This strikes me as the merest trifling. It is a matter of common notoriety that at least £8,000,000, possibly much more, remains in the hands of Lord Byng and his associates, to be disbursed for the benefit of ex-Service men. The use that is being made of these resources is the subject of just and well-merited criticism.

Fooling the Men.

We all remember the story of the Roman Emperor who, when his people were clamouring for justice, offered them *panem et circenses*—that is, bread and circuses. The Canteen Fund Trustees have gone one worse—all circuses and no bread! There is no lack of authentic information. In the first place, it has to be stated that the Committee of the Byng Fund have tied up their purse-strings so tightly that it is only with the greatest difficulty that any money can be extracted from their clutches at all. Is it not the soldier's own money? Not certainly a charitable fund from which he may beg concessions, but rather the proceeds of the overcharges that were levied upon him when over in France, or wherever he may have served, when he approached the bar of the canteen for such refreshment as may have suited his taste. To-day, in a very literal sense, he is "asking for his own back," and getting just what the good Lord Byng and other exalted personages choose to send him. For the most part, it has meant billiard halls and contributions towards so-called "Welfare Clubs," in which he may find some sort of refuge as often as he cares to turn his back on his hungry wife and children. Also, I notice, there are contributions towards hospitals, help towards the apprenticeship of orphan children, and one or two other things that seem at first sight to have a colouring of practical justification. A point to be remembered however, is that there has been as yet no authentic Statement of Accounts, no accurate indication of the sums which have been disbursed, and no proper guarantee that this money—which belongs, as I have said, to the men themselves—has been advanced in any other spirit than that of grudging and reluctant charity. My contention is that the whole system is at fault; indeed, I would go as far as to say that what should be done with these millions is a question that should be referred, not to the present Controllers of the Fund, but to the accredited representatives of the men from whose slender pay these profits were extracted. If empowered to deal with the matter, I would transfer the Fund from the control of Lord Byng and his colleagues into the hands of, say, a Joint Committee of the Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' Federation and the Comrades of the Great War. Then we might get on.

The "Byng" Profits.

To my mind, it is a monstrous scandal that, with this vast sum of money lying idle in the coffers of the Byng Fund, there should be thousands of ex-fighting men who next Saturday will lack a decent Christmas dinner. After all, it is poor sport playing billiards on an empty stomach, and I fancy that few men would willingly exchange the comforts of a decent home for the amenities of the best-appointed "Welfare Club." Coming right down to the underlying facts, we must admit that we have been far less than just, and infinitely less than generous, to the men who fought for us during those years when Christmas was only the mocking semblance of its historic self. I wish some of my readers could see the complaints that come pouring into my office, most of them bearing on their face the stamp of evident sincerity, and scarcely one tainted with the suspicion of deceit. To take only one question with which I have been dealing recently: What comfort can we glean in regard to the treatment of those men who, under the shock of war's brutality, have become unhinged in mind? With a callousness that shocks and appals, many of them have been branded as lunatics, stigmatised as paupers—flung into the nearest asylum with no more care than one might give to the unheeded

HERE THEY COME—AND, OF COURSE,

TORTURED EX-SOLDIERS.

Canteen Funds—Our Forgotten Pledges.

By THE EDITOR.

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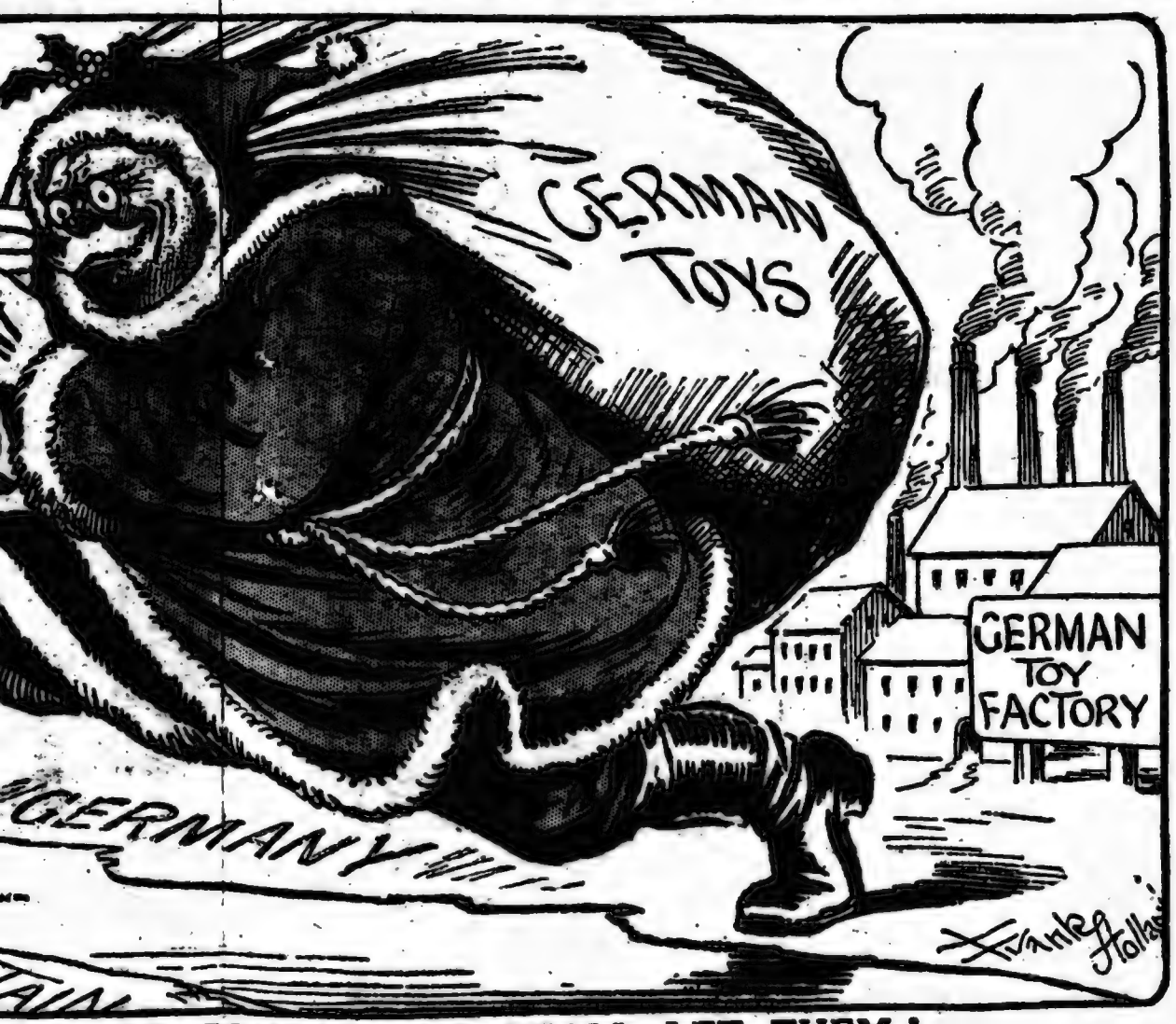
disposal of a bale of unwanted rubbish. One poor fellow wrote me, only a few days ago, to announce that, by some sudden freak of sympathetic intelligence on the part of the authorities, he had won his freedom and was once more able to walk about among his fellow-men with a sense of dignity. These were his words—sentimental if you like, but not such as we can scoff at at this Season of the Year, when all our thoughts are turned into channels of reverent contemplation: "If I were now to be sent back to an asylum and all this agony of experience come back, my one hope and longing would be for the Coming of the Christ." Perhaps the poor fellow had always been of a religious turn of mind, and this was nothing more with him than a common turn of expression. But if you had read the rest of his letter—far too long to print, and offering little variation, if any, from thousands that it has been my lot to peruse—you would, I think, be inclined to indulge the severest strictures upon the inhumanity that has too often characterised our treatment of the men but for whose valiant devotion our English Christmas might for ever have lost its meaning.

Lost Opportunities.

To sum up, I demand, in the name of my ex-Service readers, an immediate statement of the disbursements made from the Byng Fund, coupled with a considered announcement of its future policy. My information is that the contributions to hospitals and other similar payments have been already stopped, and that for the moment the studied policy of the Committee is to oppose every application that carries with it no more compelling authority than the satisfaction of urgent human needs. All I can say is that a singular lack of sympathetic imagination must afflict these official custodians of a Fund which is as much "Tommy's Own" as were ever the pence of his exiguous and hard wou pay.



AND, OF COURSE, WE SHALL LET THEM!

For my own comfort, I wish I could shut out from my mind the spectacle of the children, born of heroes, who this week will be asking "Daddy," in vain, for the goodies which were once their common Christmas fare; of the women who at the bottom of their brave hearts will be wondering if, after all, their man's gallant sacrifice was ever worth while, and of the men who, trying to bear up all the time, will say that it does not matter, and that, whatever becomes of them. Britain was worth saving. Still, that does not absolve us who have a vestige of a conscience left. We said that the War, with its agony and loss, was a supreme moral necessity. So, then, were the soldiers to win it; and if we can forget them at Christmastide, we are something less decent than British citizens should be.

Christmas Sentiments.

When I began to write I meant simply to talk at large on the never-failing beauty of this Christmas season, and its deep and vital meaning for all of us who have not forgotten the traditions in which we were cradled. And then right across my path came the reproach of our forgotten pledges to the men who fought and died that we might go on living in this sheltered land. At times I am tempted to wonder whether all my preaching is in vain—whether I had perhaps not better just sit quietly by and reconcile myself to the ruin of my earnest hope that in these matters justice would finally prevail. Yet I know this is craven thinking. As long as I have an honest heart's pulse beating in my veins I shall stand up for this old country of ours, and declare, in the face of the world, that her people still retain the great qualities which have made them famous in the world's history. We may be temporarily forgetful, we may have our lapses from the path of resolute goodwill, yet finally we always come back to the point of saying that, come what may, we will stand by those who stood by us, and seeing that, when ultimate balances are adjusted, no man or woman remains debtor to our honour. There I want to leave it. At Christmastide I am not concerned with political quarrels, social jealousies, industrial envy; all I want is to remind those who are good enough to read these words that deep down under all our affectations of carelessness and worldly indifference we do, most of us, retain a sneaking devotion to those principles of generosity and goodwill which were exemplified in supreme fashion in the life of One whom some call a Great Man and others the Son of God. No theological controversy shall ever steal into an article of mine; in fact, the older I become the more disposed I am to say that there is no room for argument in the compelling presence of the Great Founder of Christmas. It may seem a sudden descent to say that all this links up closely to the question of where "Tommy"—don't let us forget his old familiar name—is to get his Christmas dinner. But to me the two things are one and indivisible. Unless we can be kind we need not pretend to be "religious." Just this simple art of looking after each other is the first principle of Christianity, as of every other reputable faith that the world has seen. Personally, I have no use whatever for the man who can explain to me in explicit terms the doctrine of the Trinity and pass by his starving neighbour in the street with no more than a shrug of contempt.

My "Religion."

My own Christmas Faith may go no higher than a reverent respect for the Great Teacher of Galilee, but it certainly goes no lower than a profound and earnest sympathy with the humblest of my fellow-men. I suppose these thoughts come to all of us at Christmas time, and I am sure I shall offend no one by speaking my mind frankly and sincerely as I have done. I do not want to utter a word that may have the sound of insincerity. There were Christmas seasons in the old days when I could indulge what I possess of rollicking good humour without a single afterthought, for, whether we knew it or not, we were, most of us, prosperous in those times—albeit inclined to exercise the Englishman's normal privilege of grumbling at nothing. To-day I write with a solemn sense of responsibility, though without wishing to harrow my readers' feelings too deeply. Believe me, therefore, it is in our good, old-fashioned British way that I say to every one of my readers, "A Merry Christmas, and the best of all New Years!"

In giving publicity on this page to views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters or postcards bearing name and address for publication.

All communications must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

The PEOPLE'S PULPIT

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

Letters and postcards for this page must relate to public, as distinguished from personal, topics.

For short acknowledgments of other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," pages 18-19.

Those German Goods.

I have a toy-shop and would fain refuse to sell German toys, but I am compelled to sell them, or——shut up shop! The reason is that these toys are much cheaper than those made in England, and *the public buys the cheapest!* Patriotism taking a back seat where the pocket is concerned.—CHAS. H. MURTON, Little Dunham, Norfolk.

(*It is "up" to our patriotic readers.*)

Australia's Example.

The South Australian House of Assembly at Adelaide have decided to grant the privilege of free first-class travel for life to crippled ex-Service men on all tramways and railway lines. Could not something of a similar nature be granted to disabled men in this country? Thus would recognise the debt that we owe to the men disabled in the great war.—C. W. HOLLAND, Victoria Street, Aylesbury.

(*We have frequently endorsed this proposal. After all, it would "cost" much less than these poor fellows have "spent" in our interest.*)

Forgotten?

With the war over two years ago, most people seem to have forgotten that there are many wounded and disabled men still lying in hospital. Some fifteen hundred limbless men are located at one surgical hospital alone in Shepherd's Bush, and they bitterly remark that "everyone seems to have forgotten them." No longer do they get taken for motor rides or invited to tea, as was the case during the excitement of the war. Oh, the pity of it!—A. THRELFALL, King's Terrace. Gt. Harwood, Lancs.

(*We are only too apt to forget. It is the function of this journal to "remind."*)

"Rates" *are* "Taxes."

Has not the time arrived to emphasise the fact that rates are additional taxes? Surely they should be re-allotted, and those which represent a general benefit—such as education, police protection, allowance for the poor, etc.—should revert to central control; whilst those truly local ones—such as lighting, paving, etc.—should still be raised by the locality and through its locally appointed authority.—W. S. WARE, Fulham Road, S.W.6.

(*This is a question that we have often encountered. It looks like a matter in which a little local application of the "Business Government" idea might not be amiss.*)

Five Guineas is paid to the writer of the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. Henry Norris

"JOHN BULL'S Boys."

Both "Smiler" Hales and yourself are to be congratulated on the fights your boys have been putting up lately. Greater grit, and more sportsmanlike, victory or defeat, it has seldom been my pleasure to witness. Carry on the good work, and the sport of boxing will be purged of much that is unworthy of the richest country in brains and brawn.—ETHEL DARE, Pelham Rd., S. Woodford.

(*All reports indicate that this summary is correct. Please do not suppose that the last has been heard of the "JOHN BULL Boys."*)

Will Father Christmas Come?

In every district throughout Britain there are children who lost their fathers in the war. In every district the country over there are people who gained by the war. Now is the time for those who gained to see that those fatherless kiddies have not also lost their "Father Christmas."—HENRY NORRIS, Bloom Street, Canton, Cardiff.

Sugar and Sweets.

During the last two months sugar has gone down, but confectionery still remains at the same "profiteering" figure. Poor folk must deprive themselves of sweets at Christmas!—(MRS.) C. R. BARR, Kent Street, Fleetwood.

(*The trouble is that a man will gladly find anything for the "best girl," forgetting that the "kiddies" pay the price of his reckless expenditure.*)

Legalise Betting!

Nothing makes our Continental friends (?) chortle more than our hypocrisy with regard to betting. Legalise the bookmaker, so that punter and layer have equal and legal rights. Welshing and a host of other excrescences would disappear, the revenue would be considerably a gainer, and our police could give undivided attention to their legitimate duties.—WALLACE LINDEN, Hugh Myddleton Club, Islington, N.

(*We have frequently advocated this policy, which should receive a great impetus owing to recent legal decisions.*)

How They Voted.

The publishing through the daily papers of the way that M.P.s' vote on all important issues will be of great value to electors, who assuredly will make notes for future use. We thus see how Members are whipped in to vote in order to save their Party—the Party of "squandermania"—from defeat, while their own consciences must tell them that economy is absolutely necessary to save our country. Labour Members, too, voted for more expenditure—their object doubtless being to stave off a General Election, in which their own seats will be jeopardised.—WM. HY. WOODGATE, Roke Avenue, Kenley, Surrey.

(*We agree. Any attempt to "gag" the Independent Press would inevitably be a "wash out."*)

The "Overtime" Scandal.

Many employers have it in their power to provide work for one or two extra men, but prefer to manage with an inadequate staff working overtime. This method of getting work done is not playing the game by the ex-Service man now unemployed, and in fairness to him employers should unite in abolishing the inadequate staff and overtime-work system and employ those extra workers. In this way many good men would have an opportunity of earning the means of keeping the wolf from the door, instead of standing idle—rusting into human scrap-iron.—M. ANDREWS, Bell Street, Maidenhead, Berks.

(*"Rusting into human scrap-iron"—a bitter phrase, only too well justified in many instances.*)

The Open Door!

The first Hun traveller, since the war, came here last week. With insolent assurance he offered, at 8s., articles charged £1 for by English makers, and guaranteed delivery direct from Berlin in 14 days—this through a Dublin trading company whose address he left for "future orders." As a disabled soldier, who also lost his eldest boy in the trenches, I ask why do the Government place us between the Devil and the deep sea? They will not attempt to reduce high prices, in spite of their pledges, except by admitting the Huns to increase unemployment here.—H. PHULER, Scotch Street, Armagh.

(*It looks as though our vaunted "Free Trade" system will have to be modified if we are to retain our reputation for sanity.*)

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The spendthrift Churchill finds at last,
(And learns the truth with some dismay)
That John Bull's easy mood is past
Wherein he paid, and smiled to pay.

Townshend of Kut, who knows his book,
Thinks that from Mess'potamia we
Without delay should take our hook,
And thus effect economy.

The "bookie's" lot, at least to-day,
Is not a very happy one—
He may be called on to repay
Cash he had reckoned fairly won!

What though the shops are full of toys
And other things that bring delight
To our expectant girls and boys?
They can't be bought while money's tight.

Come all ye merry Boys and Girls
Come, sit you down and sup,
Drink deep, each happy-hearted soul!
There's flavour in the steaming bowl
When Rowntree's fills the Cup.
R. ARKELL.
Rowntree's
Cocoa
WARMS AND CHEERS
"THE COCOA NIBS" WISH YOU A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

CLARNICO

Don't put off buying your Xmas presents until all the CLARNICO CARAMELS are sold out

Cream, Lily, & Chocolate-Lily

CLARNICO

"KIRBEE"
BRITISH BLADE
4/- DOZ. POST FREE
MONKEY
ROTARY STROP
STROPS ANY MAKE OF SAFETY RAZOR BLADE LIKE NEW, IN TEN SECONDS. JUST DROP BLADE IN SLOT AND TURN HANDLE. THAT'S ALL. NO ADJUSTMENTS. NO SKILL. NO DUDS.

PRICE POST FREE 5/- You can try the Monkey Strop free for 7 days. If for any reason whatever you don't like it send it back and we will return you 5/- in full

DOUGLAS KIRBY AND CO. Department J.B. GLOUCESTER.

The Monkey Strop is made by the same firm as the Douglas Pruner, the famous self haircutter (price 5/6) of which 20,000 are now in use in Great Britain. You can try it on the same terms as the Monkey Strop.

NEW USES for RUBBER COMPETITION.

£5,000 IN PRIZES.

Last day for entries 31st Dec. 1920.

Particulars from RUBBER GROWERS' ASSOCIATION (Dept. C.), 38, Eastcheap, E.C.3.

IRON-OX

Tiny Tonic Tablets.

For INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LIVER, or ANÆMIA.

50 Tablets 1/3 ON SALE EVERYWHERE 250 for 5/-

FROM a photo showing how Constipation is Cured by control of the abdominal muscles and internal organs.

By MAXALDING you can also rid yourself of Indigestion, Mal-assimilation, Rheumatism, Lack of Will-Power, Loss of Self-Confidence, Nervous Debility, Neufusthenia, and other Functional Weaknesses in a period of one to three months.

MAXALDING is not difficult to learn, and the movements are very interesting to practise; like most great things it is simple and easy—when you know the way.

The movements for the eradication of Functional disorders are each devised specially for the particular complaint one may be suffering from, according to age, sex, and special circumstances.

Men and women who have lost control of the abdominal muscles are given movements which will conteract a tendency to over-stoutness. It must be added, however, that actual corpulency cannot be reduced in a few days.

On the other hand, Constipation, the source of so many disorders and much ill-health, can be permanently cured by MAXALDING in a period of three days to one month; this is guaranteed.

Most Functional Disorders have their origin in the stomach, and we do not know of anyone but Mr. Saldo—the originator of MAXALDING—who can show you how to cure yourself of constipation by a series of perfectly natural movements.

We know there are Medicines and Drugs, but the effect of these is only temporary at the best, and they always have a debilitating effect upon the system.

For the increase of Nervous Energy or the making of straight and strong backs and the building up of a beautiful body, other movements are given which must inevitably bring about the desired result.

By MAXALDING you soon begin to accumulate a store of nervous force, and you can use this extra energy in ways most pleasurable and profitable to yourself.

The basic principle underlying MAXALDING is CONTROL. Control of the Muscular System; Control of the Nervous System; Control of all the Functions of the Human Body.

The effect upon the mind of this CONTROL is a sense of power, a feeling of joyousness.

MAXALDING means: more LIFE and—more JOY in Life

Mr. M. Saldo has created 16 world's records for strength and endurance.

Although not a Physician, Doctors send him patients whose only hope of a cure is by MAXALDING. He has been practising privately for ten years, and amongst his pupils and patients are Dr. Cathcart, of Harley Street, the most famous authority on breathing in the world—who sends patients to Mr. Saldo; Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of Australia; the Grand Duke Michael; the Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan, etc., etc.

Mr. Saldo is as far ahead of ordinary Physical Culturists as the modern surgeon is of the old "village sawbones."

Cut out the Coupon and attach it to your letter or—Write for the Booklet entitled "MAXALDING," explaining fully your requirements, whether they be the eradication of a functional disorder, the development of a perfect body, the increase of nervous energy, or the acquisition of great strength.

Your inquiry will cost you nothing and commit you to nothing, yet your desires may be realised beyond your expectations.

A LADY PUPIL

who obtained vigorous Health and a graceful figure by MAXALDING.

COUPON.
Please send me your Booklet entitled—
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All correspondence relating to financial matters should be addressed to the City Editor.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

Each inquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Sluggish Business.

It hardly needs to be mentioned that, except in times of phenomenal activity, dealings on the Stock Exchange tend to fall off before holidays lasting several days. On this occasion the House will be closed from Thursday afternoon (and if you want a bargain done you had better get it in before lunch!) until the following Tuesday morning—much too long for the professional punter to have stock open with no opportunity of covering or closing his commitments.

Mildly Cheerful.

At this season of the year particularly, the public, too, are mostly preoccupied with other affairs and the very best "tips" are apt to leave them cold. The holiday season set in remarkably early, the "frost" having been heralded long before it arrived, but that only serves to emphasise the fact that the Stock Exchange nearly always contrives to break-up for Christmas in a cheerful mood, whether business has come to a standstill or not.

Dunlop Slump.

Several theories are in circulation for the severe break that has occurred in Dunlop Rubber shares, but it may be better not to inquire into them too closely at the moment. The fact remains that at 16s. 6d. the present shares are quoted at the equivalent of 3½ for the old, which reached nearly 14 earlier in the year. Trouble in the Rubber Market is not sufficient to account for such a serious fall, and as the Company has splendid assets, the opportunity should not be missed either to acquire a few shares or average those bought at much higher prices.

Roumanian Oil Decision.

I must say I feel somewhat disheartened about the Court of Appeal's decision in the Roumania Consolidated case, but for the life of me I cannot see why the Company should have been refused a stay of execution pending an appeal to the House of Lords. The case for the Crown could not have been damaged in the slightest degree by a stay on the usual terms being granted.

Hope Yet.

However, it is no use getting downhearted. The De Keyser case looked equally black at a similar stage in the proceedings, and yet the proprietors triumphed in the end. Of course, it could always be foreseen that the Company might be advised to seek redress from the Roumanian Government; but considering the position of the latter and its relations with the Allies, it would surely be only decent if our bureaucrats showed a little more willingness to protect the interests of their own nationals. They seem positively to revel in litigation—of course, at the public expense.

First Rand Dividends.

As usual, the Johnnie's group are first in the field with their dividend declarations for the second half of the year, and they prove to be fully up to expectations. Witwatersrand (Knights) jump from 5 to 15 per cent., New United from 5 to 10 per cent., Van Ryn Deep from 25 to 40 per cent., and Government Areas from 20 to 30 per cent. Of course, the gold premium is mainly responsible for these fine results, and those who took my hint some months ago to lay in a few of the best Kaffir shares have no reason to regret it.

Royal Dutch Oil.

For a long time past it has been expected that there would be an issue at par of one new share in respect of every three held; and the definite announcement that the operation had been postponed naturally caused bitter disappointment. The reason assigned is that conditions in Amsterdam are not sufficiently favourable for a fresh capital issue.

Mexican Improvement.

In the report of the Mexican Railway it is stated that the country is now in a more peaceful and settled condition than at any time during the past ten years. The railway was handed back to the Company on June 19 last, and although the prospects are encouraging it must not be overlooked that there is a debit balance of £805,000, and compensation for damage may be hard to collect.

Odhams Press.

The Committee of the London Stock Exchange have now granted permission to deal in these shares—and were times only better there would undoubtedly be a very active market in them. As it is, however, we must wait until the turn of the year for the shares to find their proper level. In no circumstances should holders be tempted to part with them at present. I *know* that this great undertaking has had another very good year, whilst there are big developments looming in the near future. As my readers are aware, the Odhams Press is a combination of the great newspaper printing and publishing firm of Odhams Ltd., and the proprietary of this and other journals. The 8 per cent. Preference shares are, in my opinion, one of the soundest investments in the industrial market.

The British Remedy.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

for

COUGHS & COLDS

Ask for "Owbridge" and take no substitute.

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W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd.
Manufacturers, The Laboratory, HULL.
Established 1870.

A SILHOUETTE OF SATISFACTION!

There's a world of goodness in Fry's Cocoa for the youngsters and every member of the family. Made from the choicest cocoa beans Fry's is easily digested and builds up valuable reserves of strength and energy.

Fry's PURE BREAKFAST Cocoa.

THE HEALTH SECRET.

"THERE IS NO BETTER FOOD."
—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., etc.

Give Fry's CHOCOLAT CAPRICE this Xmas

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

COMPANY MEETING.

LONDON-AMERICAN MARITIME TRADING.

Presiding at the annual general meeting of the London-American Maritime Trading Co., Ltd., the Earl of Wemyss said that whereas a year ago the country was in the middle of a trade boom, it might now be said to be in a trough of financial and commercial depression, and although the shareholders might look forward with some confidence to things being better by the time they met next year, he was afraid it was likely that in the meanwhile conditions would be worse before they were better. He thought that, without any over-confidence, the shareholders might see in the position of this company a small light in the prevailing and general gloom.

During the past year, the directors had continued their policy of taking advantage of the high prices to be obtained for old ships, and had reduced the company's fleet by selling them, so that they had traded with a smaller fleet than before. In spite of this, the trading profits showed an increase of £35,000 as compared with the previous year.

A year ago he had called attention to the greatly increased cost of working, and in the period under review there had been a further considerable increase in every detail. Taking it altogether, from the beginning the running charges for insurance, wages, stores, and provisions had increased by 300 per cent., port charges by 200 per cent., repairs by 375-400 per cent., and bunker coals by practically 500 per cent.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and the meeting authorised a dividend of 20 per cent., less tax, on the Ordinary shares, and a supplementary dividend of 3 per cent., less tax, on the Cumulative Participating Preference shares.

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Equipped with knowledge of the Share Market you can invest with profit. Get your knowledge from the "Share Market Review." There you will find available the advice of experts in every market. The "Share Market Review" has so large a circulation because it gives the best obtainable information on Stock Exchange matters. Order it from your Newsagent to-day, or send a postcard for a Free Specimen Copy to the Publishers

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"The Land of Sunshine."

The Letaba Estates

"The Home of the Orange."

A very important and profitable development is taking place at the LETABA ESTATES, in the Zoutpansberg district of the Transvaal.

General Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa, in a speech at Victoria West, S.A., on 23rd September, 1919, said:—

"South Africa's agricultural potentialities are immense; there is no country in the world which has such opportunities for development and progress as this beloved South Africa of ours."

At the present time there are men to whom the words quoted above will open up a prospect brighter than any that the Old Country, with its financial burdens and its social and industrial unrest, can possibly offer.

The Union Government of South Africa Irrigation Department's Report

and other important evidence bearing directly on the LETABA ESTATES is contained in full prospectus.

The LETABA ESTATES are close to the famous Tzaneen Estates Government Settlements and the Officers' Colonial Land Company's Estates. Railway line within a quarter of a mile of the property.

An Income for Life!

Experts and actual growers in South Africa state that 5 ACRES OF ORANGE TREES IN FULL BEARING YIELD £500 YEARLY.

THE COMPANY GUARANTEES

to plant the ground with the healthiest and most vigorous trees, irrigate and manage the farms, and accepts full responsibility for the interests of the ABSENTEE owner.

All Farms are FREEHOLD.

The Estates comprise 1,500 acres, surveyed into 5-acre lots. A limited number of lots are still available. Price £125 per acre, payable in instalments over a period of 5 years, if desired.

DR. WILLIAM MACDONALD, late Director of Agriculture in the Transvaal, states:—

"In the whole range of modern agriculture it would be hard to find an investment that offers safer and better returns on capital expenditure than a well-managed orange orchard in South Africa."

JOHN BULL on Oct. 2nd, 1920, says: "There can be no doubt of the immense agricultural potentialities of the Colony, **whilst enquiries I have made as to the standing of those associated with the concern are quite satisfactory.**"

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J. H. RAINIER, Johannesburg (Director Nourse Rainier, Ltd.).

D. MILLIN, F.I.C., Johannesburg.

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Messrs. MAURICE JENKS, PERCIVAL & CO., Chartered Accountants, 6, Old Jewry, London.

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Write or call at once for free descriptive booklet, plans, and full particulars to:—

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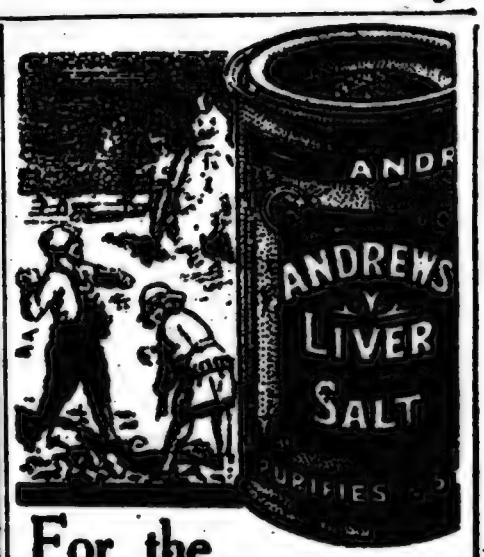

For the Ills that come at Christmastime

buy Andrews, in readiness!

Its year-round function is to correct the minor ills, as they occur, in man, woman or child.

Particularly at Christmastime it is wise to have a tin on hand. Then, any temporarily disturbed internal condition, due to too hearty indulgence in Xmas fare, can be quickly remedied.

Buy a tin from your Grocer or Chemist and give, or take a spoonful in a glass of water, in the early morning preferably, as the need arises. Children — more liable to ill-effects at Christmas time than adults—love Andrews'! Its juvenile action is gentle and complete, ensuring a quick return to the mood of romp and play.

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For over 25 years, Andrews' has been helping countless families to ward off life's little Ills . . . Take care to get *the genuine* Andrews' in the familiar green tin

1/- USUAL SIZE. FAMILY SIZE. 1/10

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, Stores, etc., throughout the United Kingdom. Address Trade Enquiries as below.

SPECIAL XMAS GIFT OFFER

If your Chemist or Grocer does not stock Andrews' send us his name and address, with your own, on a postcard. To the senders of the first 20 postcards each morning, we will forward a Lady's handsome Nickel Plated Pencil Holder. Please mention this paper, and address:—

SCOTT & TURNER, Ltd.,
Manufacturers, NEWCASTLE-upon-TYNE.

The "Riteway" Stropper

Strops both Sides at Once.
That's the Secret.

Guarantees 100% KEENER EDGE 500% LONGER LIFE To Razor Blades of Every Type.

Instant action. Requires no skill. Cannot get out of order. Lasts a lifetime.

One of the many Testimonials received—

J.S., Birkenhead.—"You have hit upon the right thing in stropping blades. In addition to trying several machines, I have sent blades to four firms with unsatisfactory results. *Now, with yours, I can get the velvet edge simply and easily.*"

Price 3/6 Post Free

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THE CRESCENT RAZOR CO., LTD.,
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TOMMY, JACK, AND BADGERS.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheese-paring, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

This Must Not Be:—When Lord Byng was called upon by the King to administer the Canteen loot, he undertook to do so, provided that the War Office had no hand in the matter—and his Majesty agreed. We particularly want to know if the War Department is now about to dig what Lord Byng would call its "sticky fingers" into a couple of millions that have since cropped up. If so, we say, Hands off!

Seasonable Compliments, Boys!—To all our soldiers and sailors (not forgetting the Black and Tans) at home and abroad, the Compliments of the Season and the best of good times! The job is not up yet, and we still have much to do. You will be missed at home at Christmas; but carry on—remember, duty first! In all our wars, when Tommy was in a hard or dirty corner, he set his teeth and thought, "what a jolly good time I'll have when I get out of this." And he had—when he got out. You men in Ireland are officially on active service again.

Flouting the King:—His Majesty the King has appealed to employers to take on his disabled soldiers for work. The other day the War Pensions Committee at Bloomsbury Square advertised for *female* shorthand typists. As a result, patriotic ex-Service men, fitted for the job, sent a protest to Dr. Macnamara. What has "Mac" to say to it? Does he, like unpatriotic employers, tell the King to go to blazes? And yet there are whisperings about "revolution," and attempts are being made to seduce our discharged—and starving—men from their allegiance.

"Dub Up":—We ask the officer in charge of Infantry Records, Tavistock Square, when will his four clerks concerned be paid the money promised to them for compiling roles for a certain lady now, we believe, remarried? Each man worked 40 hours overtime on the job, and was promised £3 for his services. The lady is now in Leicester, but there is a War Office to which we may appeal on behalf of the men.

Play Fair with Them:—The life of the soldier in Ireland is not all beer and skittles. He has very few nights in bed owing to guards and picquets and the rest of it. But in these days there is no reason why the boy's food should not be big enough and well cooked—and, above all things, we should not work off on him the Army dog biscuits sent out to the front and still remaining on our hands.

Swarming Back:—Bags of letters reach us from English waiters and other hotel "helps," who tell us that the aliens have come back to high positions in our hotels and restaurants, and, having the power, turn the Briton away from a job that is open and instal a pal from the slums of Europe. And yet during the war we did our damnedest to train our own flesh and blood to carry on the catering and hotel business, and made ourselves believe that we had succeeded. Do you think of this when you "eat out," and are attended upon by a square-headed German who alleges that he is a Swiss?

Prize Money:—Naval prize money is being paid out to the men according to the initial letter of their surnames. Those now being dealt with are—A, E, L, S, B, F, G, M, T, H, Q, W, X, Y, Z. The pay-out began in April. We hope it will be finished before Christmas 1921.

More Money:—Salvage money is now ready for distribution among the crews of H.M. Tugs *Margaret Ham*, *Francis Baley*, and a working party from H. M. Dockyard, Pembroke Dock, who salved the s.s. *Gardenia*, on the 19th-20th October, 1918.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From C. W. W——, Birstall:—"I have to thank you for your favour, and to say that I have to-day received a reply. The prompt attention shows what influence your paper has with the authorities, and that your statement at the top of Tommy and Jack's page is no idle boast."

RACING NOTES.

(All enquiries in respect of sporting matters will be dealt with in the correspondence columns of the SPORTING LIFE.)

Christmas Racing.

Providing there is no interference from the weather, the steeplechase fixtures at Kempton Park and Wolverhampton on Boxing Day bid fair to provide excellent sport for holiday-makers. White Heat should follow up his recent success by winning the Christmas Hurdle Race at the former fixture, while the Christmas Chase at the Midland Meeting is likely to be carried off by Garryvoe.

For Your Convenience.—Service visitors at the Ex-Service Men's Exhibition, White City, should make a point of calling at the JOHN BULL Military and Naval Department Stall. If they want advice it will be given; if they have complaints to make, they will be rectified.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

HURST PARK—WEDNESDAY.
December Chase—*LYDIE WHITE.
Hurst Hurdle—ARDAVON.
Strawberry Hill Hurdle—GOLLY GYPSY.

HURST PARK—THURSDAY.
Molesey Chase—GERALD L.
Priory Chase—*MAC MERRY.
Lonsdale Chase—SOUTHAMPTON.

KEMPTON PARK—MONDAY.
Oatlands Chase—POLLEN.
Hampton Chase—THOMOND.
Kenton Chase—*SOUTHAMPTON.
Christmas Hurdle—WHITE HEAT.

KEMPTON PARK—TUESDAY.
Thames Chase—IMPRESSIONER.
Novices Chase—*EASTWARD HO.
Twickenham Hurdle—GOLDEN FLEECE.

WOLVERHAMPTON—MONDAY.
Christmas Chase—*GARRYVOE.
Ruckley Hurdle—CAMELOT.

WOLVERHAMPTON—TUESDAY.
Oteley Chase—SUPER MAN.
Wolverhampton Hurdle—*CAVALIER.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund.)*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Jack Ashore:—A merchant sailor joined the Army and is now unfit for sea. He came to London in a fruitless search for work, and when he had lain on the Embankment for some nights, he came to us for help to take him to his native town.

The Pity of It:—During the week we helped three destitute women who had been deceived by men now in gaol for bigamy.

The Crops of Nature:—In these December days, we have no crops of strawberries or raspberries or even haws. But we have reason to know that there are big crops of babies, and many of their owners do not know where their first kit of clothing is to come from. Please help us—and them.

Down and Out:—During the week we helped ex-Service men who could not find work, and who with their wives and children were about to be evicted.

The Pity of It:—A soldier in a sanatorium with tuberculosis. His wife is also consumptive, and three of his children suffer from the same dread disease.

"Hipped":—An ex-soldier has young children. He is workless, and like so many others had sold and pawned most of his home before he applied to us.

Short Commons:—An ex-soldier rejoined when very much over age. He is now a civilian once more, with the out-of-work dole and seven youngsters.

Left Alone:—A widow beyond middle age lost her two sons in the war, and now has to exist on a few shillings a week. She had pawned even some of her bed-clothing before she came to us.

SEND US YOUR HELP.

You have read in the daily papers of the hundreds of thousands of men out of employment—about fifty per cent. of them being the fellows whom you admired and called heroes when they were out working for you and your wife and family. Very many of them have their own wives and families to support on next to nothing. Do you really think of them?

We have letters from them every day, telling us their troubles, and they make us sad. The man came home from the Army and was refused his job by his former employer, who is now bloated by his thieving gains during the war and is being asked to pay Excess Profits Duty. In the meantime the man who went over the top, was wounded and sent back, or contracted disease that entitles him to a few shillings weekly, is starving with his wife and children. Think of it. Think of the early days of war when you listened to the "Miss You, Love, and Kiss You" in the music-halls tosh—the days when you raised your hats to the units which passed through London, ravening to be at the throat of the Hun. Remember the time!

They are back now—most of them workless, many of them homeless; a vast band living with their families with the grim wolf of starvation staring them in the face. Think of them. Help us to help them. Remember this: we are not one of the funds that send paid agents out to interview applicants—to bally-rag and insult them, advise them to sell their little treasured household gods, and then turn them down with the advice that they should give up their second room and live in one. JOHN BULL, the friend of the poor—and particularly the poor ex-Service chap with his family—cheerfully accepts your donation, small or large, and with equal cheerfulness defrays every penny of the cost of administration. *Help us!*

We have now the disturbing official statement that when the present out-of-work doles cease in a few weeks, they are not likely to be renewed. As a result many thousands of workless people will be thrown upon the world with no means of living.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

P. J. D. (Limerick), £1; O. H. Q. (Edmonton), 2s.; "Old 8th Gurkha," £5; M. C. (Growthorne), 2s. 6d.; R. H. (Doncaster), 2s. 6d.; R. R. (Belfast), 1s.; Mrs. F. B. M., violin; Mrs. C. M. (West Belden), 1s. 6d.; H. E. H. (France), 3 francs; D. W. C. (Edinburgh), 1s.; J. S., 5s.; R. D. (Brockley), 2s. 6d.; B. J. C. (Newhaven), £2; "Mother of Dead Hero" 6d.; M. S. (Dunbar), 10s.; A. R. (Harrogate), 10s.; H. W. F. J. (Gosforth), 2s. 6d.; C. E. U. (Leicester), 2s. 6d.; "Christmas Box, Cheadle Heath," 5s.; W. J. A. (Peterborough), 3s.; Mrs. R. C., 1s. 9d.; F. M. H. (Chertsey), 2s. 6d.; L. S. (Rhodesia), 7s. 4d.; J. A. (Queenstown), £1 6s.; O. H., 7d.; M. S. (Liverpool), 1s.; Mrs. B. (Plymouth), 1s.; L. T. B. (Torquay), 2s.; R. B. (Fife), 2s.; Mrs. G. M. (Sutherland), 1s.; W. N. (Brighton), 2s. 4d.; Miss E., 1s.; C. M. (S. Shields), 2s.; J. L. D. (Pembroke), 2s.; "Dorothy" (Newcastle-under-Lyme), 1s.; E. J. G. (Penzance), 10s.; J. S., 5s.; H. R. G. G., 10s.; A. H. S. (Ireland), £5; L. A. C. (Kensington), 2s.; H. L. (Thirsk), 10s.; E. W., 6s. 2d.; G. P. (Looe), 6d.; Anon., 2s.; F. P. (Calcutta), 10s.; "Armistice" (Barrow), 10s.; F. K. S. (Hereford), 2s. 6d.; W. H. G. (Lower Clapton), 5s.; E. C. L., 6d.; E. C., 2s. 6d.; M. P., 6d.; "Owd Tom," 2s.; "South Ealing Reader," 3s.; A. H. & J. H., 5s.; F. W. (Birkenhead), 4s.; Mrs. H. E. P. (Walthamstow), 5s.; J. W. J., 1s.; "Beef" (Musselburgh), 6d.; J. H. (Aberdare), 6d.; C. C. H., 1s.; "Ex-Guardsman," 1s.; A. V. G., 2s.; K. S., 6d.; H. O., 3s. 6d.; "An Old Age Pensioner," 6d.; E. L., 6d.; H. E. (Sheerness), 6d.; H. B., 6d.; N. G. B., 1s.; Mrs. N., 6d.; M. B., 1s.; K. M. W., 6d.; F. F. L. (Witney), 1s.; E. H. (Maidstone), 1s.; Anon., 3s.; A. V. B., 1s.; A. F., 6d.; "A Bullet Competitor," 6d.; L. K., Ier., W. M. A., 1s.; E. C. W. (Cirencester), 6d.; W. L., 6d.; J. L., 1s.; "Cliaker Shilter," 6d.; S. J. C. & J. McN. B., 2s.; M. R., 6d.; W. W., 2s.; "Wounded Ypres," 1s.; C. W., 1s.; F. G. (Highgate), 6d.; "Ex-Hussar," 6d.; Mrs. A. A. (Oxford), 6d.; P. J. P., 1s.; "Mat" (Low Moss), 1s.; A. E., 2s.; "A Schoolgirl," 6d.; Anon., 1s.; J. A. C., 6d.; A. M. (Partridge Green), 6s.; Anon., 6d.; H. S., 1s.; E. H., 6d.; M. M. J., 5s.; F. C. (Tottenham), 6d.; "In Loving Memory" (Perham), £1; H. T. (Chester), 2s.; "In Memoriam," 2s. 6d.; T. M. (Preston), 6s. 4d.; Miss D. (Nottingham), 1s.; J. A. H. (Glasgow), 2s.; J. S. (Ramsgate), 1s.; "A Scot," 10s.; "Gratias Deo," 2s. 6d.; "A Grateful Man" (Manchester), 10s.; G. E., £1; "Happy Wife" (Battersea), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. M. (St. Albans), 1s.; "A Grateful One," 12s. 6d.; "Bantyshock" (Sheffield), 1s.; "Donkeyman" (Zeebrugge), 10s.; W. H., 1s.; W. D. (Derby), 1s.; "Well Wisher" (Brighton), 2s.; Mrs. P. (Nottingham), 2s.; L. P. (Upton Grey), 2s. 6d.; "Gasman," 10s.; E. W. (Langley Green), 6s.; "Mother," 5s.; "Crump" (Tuffley), 4s.; "A Gobbie's Wife," 2s.; "Coathridge" (Scotland), £1; J. F. (Dudley), 1s. 6d.; R. H. (Cadnam), 1s.; C. T. (Willesden Green), 10s.; R. B. (Cumberland Market), 2s.; P. C. (Sunderland), 2s. 6d.; C. W. S., 2s. 6d.; G. Y. (Derby), £1 10s.; R. W. (Knockloy), 10s.; R. J. (Manchester), 2s.; W. A. S., £2; M. J. H. (Cheraw), 2s. 6d.; "Grateful Mother," £2; "John Ruskin Band of Mercy" (per H. D.) £1 5s; "Derby," 2s 6d; "Lost Castle," 2s. 6d.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

15/- per line. (Minimum 3 lines).

BEST AND CHEAPEST wholesale warehouse for Nottingham Remnants, Drapery, Ready-made, Travellers' Samples, Send for catalogue. Cockaine's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

"A SURE LIVING" Selling Ready-mades and General Drapery. Quick cash, big profits. No experience required. Sample Parcels from 10/6. Refer from £1. Satisfaction guaranteed. Repeat Orders arriving daily. Price List and "Beginners' Guide" Free.—R. Palatine Warehouse, 58a, Hockley Street, Manchester.

"GOOD EVENING-TIME AGENCY."—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Suits, Drapery, Watches and Jewellery for cash or credit. Liberal supply of samples. Commission highest paid. Apply, Freeman, Contractors, H.M. Government, Lavender Hill, London.

OVERCOATS AND SUITS TURNED equal to new. Send garments for estimate. Price list. Write L. and G. (J.B.), 54, City Road, E.C.1. WE COLLECT. 'Phone Central 1612.

FOR ALL NERVE TROUBLES send postcard for free sample of Curacos—the Liquid Nerve Tonic—to Curacos Co. (Sec. 2), Elm Grove, London, S.E.15.

HARRIS TWEEDS, direct from Scotland, genuine hand-made, hard-wearing, all-wool tweed, direct from weaver to wearer, 11/6 a yard, selected patterns post free.—A. Driver (Dept. 240), 65, Eastgate, Inverness, Scotland.

£5 to £10 per week can be easily earned for a small outlay of £5/-; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 148, Houndsditch, London.

OVERCOATS and Suits Turned Successfully. Descriptive booklet and Price List Free.—The City Repair Co. (D.R.), 256, High Holborn, W.C.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour shorthand. 2/6 per month, secure speed of 100 words per minute. Specimen lesson, 2½.—Dutton's College, Dept. 13, Skegness.

LEARN to write advertisements and earn from £5 to £10 weekly upwards, both sexes.—Write Secretary, Dept. J.B., Dixon Institute of Advertising, 188, Oxford Street, London.

A KNOWLEDGE OF SPANISH doubles the worth of a man (or woman) in Commerce, Literature, and the leading professions. Postal tuition. Booklet free.—Hulme School (Dept. 30), Southwell, Notts.

FREE.—Write at once for Illustrated Catalogue, "How to commence in business with £10." H. Marks, 51-53, Houndsditch, London, E.1. Cheapest wholesale warehouse for Drapery, Blouses, Overalls, Costumes, Gent's Clothing.

£10 CAPITAL. — Your living guaranteed. Write now for FREE Guide of Drapery, Boots, etc. H. Marks, 184, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

SPORTING GUNS, 12 Bore, Single Barrel, 45/-, 50/-, Double £5, Folding (unique), Hammerless £7 10s., 410 Single Barrel £2, Double £3 10s. Beginner's Gun with supply Cartridges 25/-; Air Guns 7/6. Guns bought. J. B. Armoury, 41, Newington Butts, London, S.E.11.

EARN £6 A WEEK.—Easy work. Generous pay. A straightforward proposition. Write at once for particulars. Maximum Shoe Co., Ltd., 92, Maximum Works, Northampton.

DO YOU ADVERTISE? Your advertisement inserted in 25 Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (London and suburban series same price).—Write for prospectus, Central Press Service Dept. 501, 109, Strand, London, W.C.2.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns. Direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUITS, Overcoats, turned successfully, descriptive booklet and price list, write the Reliable Repair Co., Dept. J.B., 94, Martins Court, Leicester Hill, W.C.2. Established 1903.

COMIC WIGS, Fancy Costumes, Tricks, Jokes, Tattooing Outfits. C. E. Davis, 360, Gray's Inn Road, King's Cross, London, W.C.

ARE YOU LONELY? Do you want friends? If so, send 2d. for "THE LINK" (best matrimonial).—LINK, 2, Wine Office Court, E.C.

SALVATION ARMY CONDUCTED PARTIES. Spring, 1921. Now booking. Men, Women, Children. Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Lowest Rates. 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class. Splendid opportunities for women settlers. Farms advanced to approved cases—widows and single women—household service. Ex-Service men's Warrant Books exchanged. Work guaranteed on the land. Exceptional facilities for comfort and protection to women and children travelling by land or sea. Expert, up-to-date advice about countries and conditions.—Apply, Commissioner Lamb, 122, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

OILSKIN DRESSING.—Ware's Genuine Non-Sticky Preparation for Re-dressing & waterproofing Oilskins, Capes, Leggings, Car Hoods, etc. Black, yellow, green or khaki. Trial Tin 2/6, including postage. Large size 5/6. Ware & Sean, Cover Makers, Hull.

KNIT YOUR OWN JUMPER and Sports Coats. Best Fleecing Wool, 12/6 per lb., postage paid. Shade Card on application.—Barraud (Dept. 16), Carlisle Road, Bradford.

HARRIS TWEEDS, All Wool, Hand Woven, 6/6 & 10/6 yard. Width 28 in. Patterns submitted. Mackie, 3, Church Street, Stornoway.

YOU'LL FIND IT IN WHITAKER'S.—WHITAKER'S ALMANAC, new volume just published, full of up-to-date facts and data, whatever the query—you'll find it in Whitaker's. Popular edition, 976 pages, 3/- (paper cover). Enlarged edition, 970 pages, cloth bound, 7/6. AT ALL BOOKSHOPS.

AMBAS SHOE CO., 67, Waterloo St., Glasgow, offer all-leather Boots and Shoes, Ladies' or Gents', per pair, 10/9, postage 1/- State size, if for hard or dress wear.

TWILIGHT SLEEP NURSING HOMES, LTD., Bushey Lodge, Teddington, Middlesex. Resident Physician. Write for booklet, Lady Secretary, Box 21.

INDIGO BLUE SERGE, pure wool cloth remnants for sale; enough to make suit or tailor-made costume. Write for patterns.—J. B., 107, Holmdene Avenue, Herne Hill.

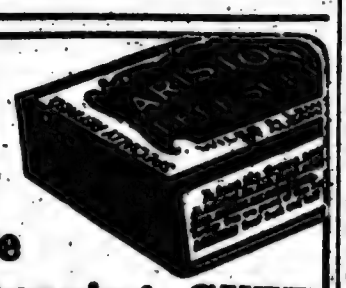
BOOTS.—Direct from our Northampton Factory. We guarantee to save you money. Send post-card for free illustrated catalogue. — John Emmett, Ltd., Dept. 7, Northampton.

GREAT BARGAIN, Nine yards (28 in. wide) Scotch Homespuns, 50/-. 5 per cent. discount on all orders received before Jan. 31, 1921. Write Patterns.—Seaforth Weaving Institute 27, Gt. Pulteney Street, W.

WHEN STOMACH CRIES OUT IN PAIN

it's a sure sign that harsh acids are attacking its delicate lining, so making normal, healthy digestion an impossibility. Stop the trouble—neutralise the acid by taking a little Bisurated Magnesia after meals; it's so quick and easy; all trace of pain disappears within five minutes of taking the preparation! It doesn't matter a scrap how many things you have previously tried, Bisurated Magnesia is the one preparation that *must* do you good, for it deals with the *cause* of the disorder. All chemists sell Bisurated Magnesia, in powder form at 3s. a bottle, and in tablet form at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. a flask, and if you take as directed there will be no doubt that you'll soon be able once more to enjoy the good things of the table without fear of pain to follow. For your health's sake get "the kind that does you good." When your stomach troubles you it's Bisurated Magnesia you want, and to be sure of getting it look on the wrapper for the makers' name, BISMAG LTD.—then you're safe.

The time you waste in chopping SUET



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NO { Preservative, Waste, Impurities.

yet keeps fresh for weeks. Use Blocks for frying, and Shredded in place of Butchers' Suet for all purposes. Can be used to the last grain.

For Nutriment and Economy, use

ARISTON BEEF SUET

To be obtained at all Grocers. Packed in ½ and 1lb. cartons. Sample sizes. Block 3d. Shredded 3d.—WILES & LEWIS, Ltd., St. Albans. Established over a Century.

SAVE 3/- IN THE POUND

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Men's Coats from 21/-, Ladies' from 22/6, Children's from 12/6 (2-year-old size). Adult's Sou'-westers, 2/-; Long Leggings, 6/-. All guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send p.c. for it to BARRCOAT, LTD., 67, Beacon Buildings, South Shields, England.

The best thing to do with a puncture

is to avoid it.

That is *one* of the reasons why

DUNLOP

Magnum and Roadster tyres are the chosen of the experienced, particularly for winter riding.

Germ Throwers

are those thin people who cough without covering the mouth, or who speak into your face when suffering from Head Cold or Influenza. One such germ distributed may infect a hundred people in the course of a day. You meet them everywhere and at this time of the year especially, it is very necessary to guard against such inconsiderate people.

The most effective defence is NOSTROLINE Nasal Specific. Use it regularly. It kills the germs of Colds, Influenza and Nasal Catarrh, and prevents infection.

It is used personally by many doctors and nurses. In handy tubes 1/3 and 3/-; from all Chemists, or by post 1/5 and 3/7, from Matthews' Laboratories, Ltd., Clifton, Bristol.

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PROFANE LOVE.

Love is a very wonderful thing. It is a natural emotion that inspires men and women to do great and beautiful acts; to go through troubles cheerfully; and, above all, it is the natural "mating" instinct from which comes the joy of married life.

Now this wonderful gift which we have—the power to love—can do an enormous amount of destruction if it is not controlled by the will, but runs wild and unchecked.

If profane love is allowed to take the place of pure love, then it will often lead to disease of body and mind—it is the most powerful ally of VENEREAL DISEASE.

Don't play with love, but save this precious gift for someone worthy of it, and remember that actions cannot be recalled, but leave their mark for good or bad during the whole of a lifetime.

To become acquainted with the dangers to health which abound is a duty which we owe to ourselves and others.

The N.C.C.V.D. publish a large variety of literature on all aspects of the subject, and will be pleased to send you a list. The following booklets are suggested as being of general interest:—

	Price (postage extra)
N.C.12. Venereal Diseases and the Effects. By Otto May, M.D.	1½d.
N.C.24. Integer Vitæ—Notes on the Moral Aspect of the Sex Problem. By J. R. Muirhead, LL.D.	1½d.
N.C.25. What Mothers must tell their Children. By Mary Scharlieb, M.D., M.S. ...	1½d.
N.C.31. The Teaching of Children as to the Reproduction of Life. By Beatrice Webb, M.D. ...	3d.
N.C.43. The Changing Moral Standard. By Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.	3d.
N.C.29. The Dangers of Venereal Diseases. By C. J. Macalister, M.D., F.R.C.P.	3d.

The above literature can be obtained by writing to the N.C.C.V.D., 34, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking the envelope "MEDICAL" (GEN.).

Buy the "Welfare Library" comprising 7 interesting books on social subjects, including those named above, price 1s. 3d. complete, from Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons Bookstalls.

Free literature and information can also be had by those in doubt or difficulty.

All Correspondence is treated in a confidential manner, and replies are forwarded in a plain sealed cover.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Disease, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Col. Lord Gorell, C.B.E., M.C. Vice-Presidents: Sir Thomas Barlow, Bt., M.D., F.R.S., Sir Francis Champneys, Bt., M.D., Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E., the Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Oxford, Mrs. Scharlieb, C.B.E., M.D.M.S. Gen. Secretary: Mrs. C. Neville Rolfe, O.B.E. (Mrs. A. C. Gotto).

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE. *We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in* John Bull, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* John Bull, *Advertisement Department, 52, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor, or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

C. C. (Belfast).—"A Merry Xmas to you, and a Happy New Year." Here's the skin off your nose.

F. W. H. (Woking).—"I had a curious experience a short time ago." You would have five hundred a day if you sat where we do.

W. B. (Golant).—"The latest Register of Electors was completed last Spring." Admiring your perspicacity, we should be greatly obliged if you would inform us privately whether our name is on it.

C. A. S. (Mincing Lane).—We cannot for ever be writing articles on drink, otherwise folks might think it was our consuming interest.

A. H. (Clapham, S.W.)—"Our Unknown Warrior died to save just you and me." That is the unanswerable truth that found universal expression on Armistice Day.

H. J. W. (London, S.W.).—We are not aware that anybody at this office has been "taking films of you," but if they have we will see that they apologise by next post.

"BRITISH EMPLOYEE" (Northampton).—"The Labour Party is asking for more money and less work." And when our own staff hear about it they turn up their eyes in holy horror.

"A WOMAN" (Notting Hill, W.).—"I have lived many years in Clapton Park." With a little more luck you might have been one of our constituents, so don't grumble.

"EX-SERVICE MAN" (Manchester).—"Practice what you preach." We endeavour to always, but if ever caught napping we shall be obliged by immediate telegram.

C. D. (Salisbury).—"More power to your voice and pen." Amen and hallelujah!

"A WELL WISHER" (Leeds) suggests that we should make it a condition of our "Bullets" Competition that all winners should contribute 10 per cent. of their prize money to our "Greatest of These" Fund. Our readers' charity must, however, remain voluntary and spontaneous.

H. B. (Walthamstow).—"You, sir, will have to persuade your friends to treat the working classes fairly, if you wish to stop the revolution." Those who do not (in which we include those who work with their brains) are no friends of ours.

"WOOL" (Barnstaple).—It may be a calamity that the Government will not "loose their wool." The way some of you chaps write, we lose ours every two minutes.

H. B. (Churwell).—There certainly is a marked re-action against Labour throughout the country, owing to the mischievous activities of extremists.

E. C. (Harrow).—"I have oftimes considered your leading article worthy of the best attention." Only "oftimes"? We must hide our diminished head.

G. P. O. (Walsall).—"I am a Government employee and as such am writing to you as one of its foremost members." But we are not. Not of this Government.

"THIRTY-ONE YEARS A SOLDIER" (Manchester).—Regret that our letter to you on Income Tax matters should have miscarried. Probably someone pinched it for the sake of our signature.

"UNKNOWN GENIUS" (Tamworth).—We note that you think you ought last week to have had our first "Bullets" Prize. There are lots like you, old son. All wrong.

G. W. (Hebburn).—"I now take the pleasure in putting my grievances before you." And we the sadness of replying that it is a washout.

ANONYMOUS (Paddington).—"You may feel disposed to insert the enclosed." As you cut away your signature we, unlike Sairey Gamp, do not feel "dispoged."

"VERY ANONYMOUS" (Victoria Road, N.).—"This for publication if approved of:—A lady wrote, 'Mr. Horatio, I'm longing, dear sir, to embrace—you—oh!'" We do not approve of that rhyme, and the rest of the limerick is distinctly n.g.

AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT (London, W.1), who omits to sign her name for fear of harming her family, asks if it is dread of assassination that keeps us quiet regarding Constantino's return. We neither dread assassination nor to sign our name.

J. A. (Paddington).—We do not agree with Judge Atherley Jones that flogging never prevented crimes. It was nothing but the liberal application of the lash that put a stop to garrotting years ago.

H. S. D. (Guildford).—"Kind regards, old top. Now don't let me in for a sarcastic one." Righto, old bean! We are as just as we are massive.

J. H. (Rotherham).—Many workmen object to have money deducted from their weekly wages towards superannuation, insurance, or anything else.

J. ARCHD. M. R. (Edinburgh).—To a fanatic pumpuritan, a few lies, distortions, and exaggerations more or less are of small consequence.

E. H. (Edinburgh).—Your gift of 18s. 6d. for the old man referred to in "Hard, Very Hard," has been passed to our "Greatest of These" Fund, as we are unable to obtain the poor fellow's address. Many thanks.

A. D. (Exeter).—Your humorous story is so un-funny that we can only print it in our advertisement columns.

"FAIRPLAY."—Your letter would undoubtedly "clear up a misunderstanding" if we could gather what you are really driving at.

"ANTI-HUN."—We hope you are mistaken about cruelty being prevalent in circuses. However, we will keep an eye on the "Hun" show.

S. A. (Weston-super-Mare).—"I am not an abstainer by any means." We deprecate such attempts to excuse poor handwriting.

P. G. (Doncaster).—Please keep us out of your family row. Birds in their little nests agree, and 'tis a shameful sight when children of one family fall out and chide and fight.

J. H. (Exeter).—"I apologise for what I am doing." That's more than most of 'em do who waste more of our time.

R. J. S. (King's Lynn).—Agreed that the Government, instead of perpetuating their "pussyfoot" restrictions, would do better to restore our liberties and pass a Pure Beer Bill.

"D—— WISER" (Hornchurch).—"Mr. Lansbury is a gentleman." We have never called him a lady.

H. (Dover).—"What is your opinion of voting by ballot in the House of Commons?" Unfair to constituents, who would never know what their member was up to.

H. L. L. (Leatherhead).—Only a beetle-headed Government bureaucrat would want to know one's *reason* for applying for a firearms certificate under the new Firearms Act, for it would be obvious to anyone of ordinary intelligence. Charging 2s. 6d. for the certificate is adding injury to imbecility.

H. GINGER (Herts).—The Patents Office plainly wants gingering-up, and if there is anything in a name, you are the man for the job.

J. G. C. (London, S.W.5) tells us that before the war none but men were employed in the Army and Navy Stores restaurant. Now all are girls, neither so smart nor so civil.

"READER" (Leytonstone).—"Give all a good wage and no pension." Let all *earn* a good wage and they could have pensions as well.

A. F. (Cardiff).—"I trust to your honour that you keep all that I send to you out of your paper." You bet. It's the hemisphere to a hempseed against us printing a word of it.

A. W. G. (Pendleton).—Regarding advt. we quoted, we agree that any man and wife accepting £50 a year joint salary as Master and Matron of a Boys' Home, could scarcely be the right kind of persons for such positions.

"DARK ROSALEEN" (Edinburgh).—"Tell Sir H. Greenwood he has one ardent admirer of his policy in Ireland." Hooray! Now shall Sinn Fein be soundly Ham [m]ar-ed!

T. A. J. (Holloway).—Much obliged for the tariff of the Maternity Nursing Home, but really cannot say whether the fees and conditions imposed represent profiteering.

T. N. S. (Kensington).—When first to hand we mistook your letter for a bale of wallpaper. Now the office staff are undertaking perusal at piece rates.

"LADY READER" (Kentish Town).—"How is it Lady Astor is the only woman in Parliament?" Cannot tell you, any more than we can say why Eve was the only woman in the Garden of Eden.

MRS. J. R. S. (Peterhead).—You chestnut about the parson who, leaving his parish to become a prison chaplain, preached his farewell sermon on the text: "I go to prepare a place for you," is no better than the story of the curate who, having fallen out with his rector, decided to leave, and took for the text of his farewell sermon: "Stay ye here with the ass, while I go yonder."

MISS M. (Sheerness).—"Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., It seems I have known you, And you have known me." Have never had that pleasure—worst luck, perhaps.

G. H. R. (Newcastle).—After tying a wet towel round our head, we have come to the conclusion that the railway company overcharged you one farthing. And you spend twopence in writing to us about it.

T. T. (Solihull).—We have already warned readers against the Bishopsgate Trading Company, run by the winsome Winsum.

"SUFFERERS" (University College, Bangor) complain of the "measly" meals provided in the women's hostels of the University. Seems a clear case for inquiry by the authorities.

A. G. (Market Harboro') had a 7s. 6d. postal order, with three 2d. stamps added, and the local P.O. refused to pay him more than 7s. 11d., the reason given being that an 8s. postal order is obtainable.

H. P. (London) suggests that "the Home Secretary, Mr. Shortt, is a useless flunkey." We have already suggested that he is useless.

H. H. (Clerkenwell).—You can't judge a man by the crease down his trousers, or a sausage by its overcoat.

A. P. (Willesden).—Fifty-one ex-Service men discharged from Neasden; other hands kept on. No, we don't like it a little bit.

MRS. UNA MAW (Queen's Gate Hotel, S.W.)—We note that all the proceeds from the sale of your humorous children's book, "The Vegetable Kingdom," are to be devoted to the King's Fund for Disabled Men, and trust that that excellent Fund will benefit from your generosity.

H. W. H. (Plymouth).—Surely the name (Foxworthy) of the lady Guardian who interjected the remark at a meeting that "Royalty was not good company," should have satisfied you that it was a case of "sour grapes."

A. A. (Lincolnshire).—Fancy being able to pay off the National Debt by the practice of "Utopian Philosophy"! Why not pop into Downing Street and see Austen?

R. E. F. (Central Africa).—Thanks for copy of reply to article in monthly magazine, though what your back chat can have to do with us is more than we can guess.

"SILVER BADGER" (Leicester).—Thanks for particulars of "Husband's Food Farewell." Kindly oblige next post with "Wife's Gladsome Good-bye."

E. B. R. (Brighton).—You appear to have been shabbily treated by the Canadian Boot Co., of 274, Amhurst Road, London, N., and your experience and loss should be a warning to other hard-up ex-Service men.

"SARAH ANN."—"Some information which might be of value to you—in my postscript." As the song said, "That is a Woman's Way."

"BARNACLE" (Texas).—The author of "Jim Jam Jems," a fustian rag published by Sam Clark at Bismarck, North Dakota, was evidently suffering from the jim-jams when he wrote his delirious attack on Britain for closing the port of Queenstown.

R. W. W. P. (Ipswich), aged 15½ years, writes: "I have been a reader of your interesting paper for some time, and I like it more and more." If we knew which switch was the right switch for Ipswich, we would express our gratification by 'phone.

E. P. C. (London, W.).—No use again raising in House of Commons the question of premiums paid on air-raid policies.

"CONSTANT" (Peterboro').—We do *not* "think it right that the Peterboro' Tram Co. should still employ girls while poor soldier boys are walking the streets."

H. C. (Berrynabour, S.O.).—"The various Government Departments should be subservient to the House of Commons, and not its masters." Hear! Hear!

"STRATHAM" (London).—"What about having a round-up of all Sinn Feiners in England, and pack them over to Ireland, and let loyal people have the houses?" Ask a policeman.

"CUDDYSHUFFER" (Co. Durham).—"My education finished when I was 9 years old." Don't you believe it. Your letter shows you are still learning.

M. U. (King's Norton).—"A fifteen-penny bottle of strong tincture of ginger will have the same effect as brandy, and will last for six months." A half-crown bottle seems just the thing for a really merry Christmas.

"UNEMPLOYED" (London).—It is characteristic of Government methods that the Indian Trade Commission, at Winchester House, should be re-engaging a retired official, who has a substantial pension, while ignoring the claims to employment of ex-Service men who are out of work.

J. S. (Warlingham).—The more readers of JOHN BULL, the more independent voters; and the more Independent voters, the more Independent Candidates—and the greater the certainty of a Business Government.

M. A. S. (Calais).—You applied to the O.C. American Graveyards Commission for a job. He said: "Are you American?" You replied: "No, I'm English." He said: "Nothing doing." From *his* point of view, it was good, sound patriotism.

"HOW THE MONEY GOES" (Plymouth) complains of Departmental bungling and costly attempts to sell the ex-German liner *Chemnitz*. Let him be comforted. The Wasters' Day of Wrekin-ning is at hand.

"CONSTANT READER" (Hyde Park, W.).—Your handwriting simply appals us. If you could get it printed we would gladly owe the expense.

"A READER OF 'J.B.'" (Grays).—Why do you use red ink in writing of common subjects? It always looks to us so much like vulgar swank.

D. C. (Chesterfield).—You have made it abundantly clear that the check-weighman's job is one of the easiest and best paid on the mine.

"MEMENTO" (Yeovil).—"I suppose you had a little flutter on Irish Fair and Macmerry." That's tellings, but we hope you will be able to Mac' merry on Irish fare.

"SALER" (Homerton).—"Hope I do irishman's drop ze bom on you gott strafe you to hel. Gott dam you and Loid Gorge." An interesting variation from the customary Compliments of the Season.

S. R. B. S. (Tooting).—The well-known gibe is not "Tell it to the Marines," but "Tell it to the Horse Marines." We will not insult your intelligence by elucidating the sentence.

Mrs. D. (Rotherhithe).—If he pays "scandalously" give him the sack; but wait till you get another job.

"TEETOTALER" (Lynn).—We have heard it over and over again, and still believe that "wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used."

R. R. (Richmond).—"I hope to win before Xmas, as it would do us good." Nothing succeeds like success.

W. A. H. (Tunbridge Wells).—We note that two local ex-soldiers who found two open cheques for £35 were rewarded 1s. between them after walking three miles to return the cheques to owner. Mean!

"OXON."—What are the churchwardens and parishioners doing, when they permit Lansbury and Co. to hold their meetings in a church?

R. L. (Kensington).—"Six hours extra work every week and no extra pay for doing it." Why not make a noise like a bricklayer?

P. E. W. (Manchester).—"Please turn your pen to the Manchester Guardians." Tell us the depth of their iniquity and we will shout like blazes.

F. McL. (Co. Cork).—Your letter about local canteen conditions most interesting. Glad you were not burnt in the fire before you wrote it.

Miss L. A. (New York).—We are glad to note that there is at least one decent New York newspaper that protests against the Irish-American propaganda against England.

J. S. M. (Whickham).—"It is easier for one to pass a questionable opinion than for one to judge the source that prompts it." True, O sententious Solomon (of Whickham).

A. M. (Paisley).—"Is it possible to find out how many aliens are employed at the Ministry of Pensions, Scotland Region, Edinburgh?" Yes—stand outside the Adelphi Hotel and make a noise like a piece of garlic.

E. J. (Eastbourne).—"Whatever should we do if there was no one to see that justice is done to people outside the House of Commons?" It will be a dirty day for some when justice is done to certain people *inside* the House of Commons.

"AN ASS" (Bude), who has been to Geneva, writes: "And oh! how blessed to reflect, When each has had his fill, And used up all his dialect—The asses foot the bill."

"MORMON ELDER" (Clapham).—Get your hair cut. In the words of Jerrold, "*Aut scissors aut nullus.*"

C. T. C. (Forest Gate).—"Every success, but please do not put in mis-statements about bicycling, which is my favourite pastime." Promised.

W. L. (Rusholme).—We are incessantly warning ex-soldiers not to emigrate to Australia in present conditions. They will only fall out of the frying pan into the fire.

E. J. AND CO. (Carlton Vale).—Yours is the very first suggestion that our exposures of fraudulent traders are injurious to genuine dealers. Somehow, we can't swallow it.

"FRIDAY."—"There is no necessity for teachers of 7 or 8-year-old children having a good knowledge of Euclid, Algebra, French, Latin, Chemistry, and so forth." Especially the so forth.

H. H. (Chiswick).—Sorry, but we can't go into the "nail-less" horse-shoe business, even though it is "painless." Try Lord Lonsdale.

G. E. (Dolgelly).—"The tone of the country in general is, I believe, more melodious." Glad you think so. To us, the country seems to be kicking up a deuce of a row.

AFOMA D. AKOKO (Dah Tubo, Abonnema).—"Please this being about 3 times I have sent you letters in order to inquire your good health, but seeing no answer please have mercy upon me." We will. Health not at all bad.

A. J. F. B. (Berkeley, Cal.).—Headline in *San Francisco Chronicle* noted: "Vatican Fears U.S. and Japan Soon to War." Thanks for cutting.

F. F. (Balerno) suggests that railway smoking carriages should be fitted with automatic machines containing matches, cigarettes, and tobacco. Not a bad idea if practicable.

H. H. W.—You tell us that flappers at the Surveyor of Taxes' Office, St. George's, Hanover Square, are paid 10s. each evening for overtime. If that is so, some of us will have to let our hair grow down the back.

F. B. (Sheffield).—"My son has no house, and is compelled to live in a cottage tenanted by a shop assistant." So long as the shop assistant doesn't mind, why should *you* worry?

"HOSPITAL NURSE."—Yes, Nursie, you can rely on us to do all we can to improve your lot and pay.

C. E. N. (Leytonstone).—The "Provident Youth" who writes "compendious lines" from Togoland and wants your photo and friendship, is one more of the coloured gentry on the make-haste.

"OLD JOE" (Seymour Grove).—The Salford Stipendiary was about right. A man with five children, and who earns £4 a week, can't be worth the money if he hasn't "gump" enough to avoid paying Income Tax for which he is not liable.

F. A. (Cheshire).—"I am glad the Bull Dog is after the Manchester fox." We hope he will never have occasion to chase the Cheshire cat.

W. H. M. M. (Shepperton).—It would not matter a hang to the majority of the middle classes if the banks did not open on Saturdays, nor on any other old day of the week—for that matter. But where could the Trade Unionist deposit his weekly wages?

"ONE OF THE C.E.S." (Poplar).—We consider you have done well to ventilate the ex-soldiers' grievances on a double sheet of foolscap. Most communications on the same subject are pushed up here on a truck.

J. B. (Johannesburg).—Sorry to hear of person who "run amok and destroyed property." Pity a few hundred of you couldn't have clubbed together to stop him.

H. S. C. (Florence).—We note that you wish to abuse a gentleman in the City. But if you could spare two minutes to swear at him yourself we should be more than grateful.

E. M. (Calsell).—Your verses to hand. Staff convalescent.

H. H. (Brighton).—Your letter on "pulleys, wheels and rewinders"? conveys very little to our dull intelligence. If you could rewrite it for amateurs perhaps we might get a look-in.

J. W. (Baker Street).—Thanks for verses on the "Unknown Warrior," which, though of undoubted excellence are hardly up to *our* standard.

M. L. T. (Cardiff).—Too good of you to send us an "Ode to Lloyd George." If at a loose end next week, try one to the Queen of Spain.

B. B. (Chelsea).—We note that you live "in the same house as your landlord," although you may be sure we should never have made a song about it if you had not.

"CONSTANT READER" (Victoria).—We cannot tell you how "to make ends meet on £400 a year." When our own annual stipend amounted to less than this it was our custom to seek "temporary accommodation."

F. S. (Cromer).—The most charitable view we can take of your belated "topical poem" is that it has been hung up in the post for about five years.

H. W. H. (Rusholme).—We note that you "work all the hours that God sends." Bet you are glad He wasn't more generous.

"TARTAN" (Bathgate).—"Don't sit on the thistle too long for it can sting." And don't you harbour a bee in your bonnet, for it can prick.

"PICKWICK" (Chelsea).—You are inconsistent. Having expressed the very reasonable view that the question of abstinence "should be left entirely to personal opinion," you then confess that you are "a member of an Order whose main object is a campaign against the d... Inconsistency is one of ... of the teetotaler.

L. T. M. (Victoria St., S.W.) ... surprised that the dentis... away the ex-Service ... when they play outside his house. One might have thought he would be glad to drown the shrieks of patients.

G. B. (Peterborough).—The Income Tax is often hard on widowers. And on other people.

"LEST WE FORGET" (Miles Platting).—"This is my poor protest against the suggested friendship with Hun professors." Never mind. The sincerity compensates for the poverty.

W. O. (Manchester).—So glad you "appreciate the spirit and desire" of our articles. At the same time, we trust you have no fault to find with their style or phraseology.

"EX-SOLDIER" (Hereford).—Still worrying about those Russian jewels? Straight, we haven't pinched them!

S. M. T. (Minehead).—You suggest that "orphans who are in the custody of guardians who benefit by their death" are in danger of murder. It's a horrible idea. Do you know of a case in point?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Our Great Xmas Gift Offer

A SPECIAL CONCESSION.—See page ii. of Cover.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

BULLETS' NEW YEAR OFFER

2ND PRIZE £50

£500 FIRST PRIZE

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-

50 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

200 PRIZES OF 5/-

OWING TO THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS THE RESULT OF COMPETITION 397 WILL APPEAR IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 8th, 1921.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet:—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 399.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS	PRINCIPAL BOY	OVER IN IRELAND	MY WIFE'S MOTTO
THE RIGHT SPIRIT	AFTER A TRIAL	THE RED LIGHT	HERO WORSHIPPERS
KISSING TIME	PUBLIC DEFENDER	PARTY MASKS	LOT LIKE HIM
UNDER THE MISTLETOE	A GOOD SIGN	ON THE WARPATH	UNPAID
TINO'S RETURN	ON THE RUN	GOLD SNAP	IN HOT WATER
A JOB LOT	REMEMBER	UNPREPARED	OPEN TO ALL
AT WESTMINSTER	IN HER PLACE	SOFT SOAP	GREEDY
WASTING AWAY	DRY SPELL	SECRET OF SUCCESS	OUR DEBT

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday Jan. 6th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(399) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday Jan. 6th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(399) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____

Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 399, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date Thursday, Jan. 6th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(399) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 6th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(399) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____

Address_____

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 400.

MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTION	ONE AND ONLY
ON THE MOVE	HOUSEMAID'S KNEE
RED, WHITE AND BLUE	TIME TO PAY
AFTER CHRISTMAS	AFTER DAY'S WORK
BRICKS AND MORTAR	TOMMY CAN'T
GOING DOWN HILL	OUR DAILY BREAD
IN A FIX	TAKEN IN
IF WISE	THE OLD STORY
HOW TO ECONOMISE	WET OR DRY
PRINCIPAL GIRL	SUDDEN DROP

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, January 13th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **400** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 400, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two examples for Competition **399.**

RESULT OF OUR FOURTEENTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

As in this competition the venue of one of the matches—Norwich City v. Millwall—was changed after we went to press, in accordance with Rule No. 2, it has been disregarded. Of the remaining thirteen fixtures, no competitor sent a correct forecast, but the following thirteen forwarded coupons with twelve correct results, and therefore divide the Prize of £1,500—each receiving £115 7s. 9d.

F. CLARK, 5, Queen Street, Portsmouth.
MRS. FOREMAN, Newbiggen-by-the-Sea, Northumberland.
G. HOAD, 54, Newtown Road, Hove, Sussex.
J. M. KING, 111, Locking Road, Weston-super-Mare.
JOHN MAINEY, "Grasmere," Malling Road, Snodland, Kent.
JOHN PATON, 8, Fairfield Road, off Church Road, Dublin, N. Wall.
H. B. PATTISON, 76, Bryniand Avenue, Bristol.
H. R. PAYNE, 49, Albion Road, Reigate.
JOHN SEMMENS, Chilton, Alkham, Dover.
DUNCAN SINCLAIR, Kinlochruel, Colintraive, Argyle.
R. SPITTLES, Church Street, Edenbridge, Kent.
A. H. WHEATON, 24, Chelsea Grove, Fulham Road, S.W.
CHARLES WOODS, The Gardens, Aston Clinton, Tring, Herts.

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 16 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal Representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks..	£1 per week

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address.....

Dec. 25 1920.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept. 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home Address.....

Dec. 25. 1920.

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

£1,000 FOOTBALL PRIZE

MUST BE WON

NO ENTRANCE FEE! NO GOALS REQUIRED!

THE sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 14 matches given. If 14 correct results are not given, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £1,000 **MUST BE WON.** This is the

BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.

We would advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. **Scottish and Irish readers can compete.** Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

THIS COMPETITION IS EXCLUSIVE TO 'JOHN BULL.'

Coupons do not appear in any other paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from the issues of "John Bull" announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in the ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed), and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (one thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct result of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £1000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided among the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a Draw, place X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Fourteen crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into nor will interviews be granted.

(5) Any coupon on which an alteration of any kind has been made will be disqualified. Any coupons received later than December 30th will be disqualified.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 16, "JOHN BULL," 85, Fleet Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in the top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

THE RESULT OF OUR FOURTEENTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION APPEARS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

FOR A CORRECT OR NEAREST CORRECT FORECAST OF ONLY 14 MATCHES

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 1st. Coupons must reach us not later than Thursday, December 30th.

Home Team		Away Team	Home	Away	Draw
Aston Villa	v.	Liverpool			
Bradford	v.	Chelsea			
Derby County	v.	Huddersfield Town			
Everton	v.	W. Bromwich A.			
Preston N. E.	v.	Burnley			
Sheffield United	v.	Oldham Athletic			
Barnsley	v.	Notts Forest			
Bury	v.	Cardiff City			
Fulham	v.	Stoke			
Port Vale	v.	Clapton Orient			
Bristol Rovers	v.	Luton Town			
Grimsby Town	v.	Brighton & Hove A.			
Plymouth Argyle	v.	Merthyr Town			
Southend United	v.	Exeter City			

☞ Coupons must be cut—not torn out.

I enter "John Bull" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding and enter on that understanding.

(16)

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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"The Secret of the Raft." By Houghton Townley.
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No. 1
Jan. 1
1921

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